

# AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 17, 1939

### WHO'S WHO

JOHN EOGHAN KELLY has lived our columns during the past two years with his discoveries and his conclusions about Communists in the Spanish and the American worlds. By profession he is an engineer, and by ambition a Major in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army. . . . JOHN T. GILLARD, S.S.J., has labored intensively and sacrificially for more than sixteen years among our colored brethren. He has viewed their problems through their own eyes, and has sought to explain their condition to the white-skinned, in lectures, articles and books. . . . CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON began his newspaper career far back in the nineties, and has been a reporter, editorial and feature writer, book reviewer for the metropolitan dailies. It is our conviction that his testimony in regard to Heywood Broun, written by him with never a thought of publication, is conclusive. We welcome Heywood Broun as our ally in the Kingdom of Christ. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, associate editor, has seen the Red Star above the Fair, and the red ruin beneath it. He has looked in vain, however, for the replica of the rooms in which Stalin does his purging. . . . LAWRENCE LUCEY, pursuing his theories, as he has oft-times expressed them in our pages, will no doubt bring forth violent contradictions. That is always the way with his articles. . . . KENAN CAREY, C.P., has been spending the past six months in Rome, and is now traveling a bit toward the English and Irish Isles. He has written for many periodicals, but skyrocketed to the top in *Forum*.

### THIS WEEK

COMMENT ..... 218

#### GENERAL ARTICLES

- Trotsky Versus Stalin After the Spanish Defeat  
John E. Kelly 220
- We Throw Bouquets at Heywood Broun  
Charles Willis Thompson 222
- Red Poison Runs Out of Fair. . . John A. Toomey 222
- To Be Radical Is to Be Catholic. . John T. Gillard 225
- Fifty-three Billions—How Much of It Is Money?  
Lawrence Lucey 226

EDITORIALS ..... 228

- Marxists March On . . . Wandering Minds . . .  
Fixed Points . . . The Hague Decision of the  
Supreme Court . . . A Trustworthy Nation . . .  
Hitler Can Point . . . Nigh Unto Jesus.

CHRONICLE ..... 231

CORRESPONDENCE ..... 233

#### LITERATURE AND ARTS

- Of Somerset Maugham and Faith in God  
Kenan Carey 235

BOOKS ..... REVIEWED BY 237

- Orestes A. Brownson. . . . Paul L. O'Connor  
Looking on Jesus. . . . Thomas Butler  
The Bishop Jots It Down. . . Daniel M. O'Connell

THEATRE ..... Elizabeth Jordan 239

FILMS ..... Thomas J. Fitzmorris 240

EVENTS ..... The Parader 240

*Editor-in-Chief:* FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

*Associate Editors:* PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,  
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

*Editorial Office:* 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

*Business Manager:* STEPHEN J. MEANY.

*Business Office:* 53 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., June 17, 1939, Vol. LXI, No. 10, Whole No. 1549. Telephone BARclay 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# COMMENT

---

---

THE Honorable Claude Bowers has been appointed United States Ambassador to Chile. We cannot evince pleasure over this appointment. In July, 1936, Mr. Bowers, then Ambassador to Spain, was vacationing at Fuentarrabia, near San Sebastian. With the first shots he crossed the border and took up his residence in France, in contrast to the diplomats of other American nations, who remained in Madrid and offered sanctuary to thousands of victims of Red terror. In Saint Jean de Luz, Mr. Bowers busied himself with a stream of dispatches to the Secretary of State, the tenor of which is now revealed to have been diatribes against Christian Spain and increasingly vehement demands for lifting of the arms embargo. Mr. Bowers' confidante and chief informant on matters Spanish was Julio Alvarez del Vayo, Red foreign minister and tool of Stalin. Chile shares with Mexico the dubious distinction of Marxist government and open-armed welcome to anarchist and Communist refugees from Spain. Indalecio Prieto, the Red Minister of Defense who fled from Barcelona to more congenial and safer surroundings in Chile, prepared the way for Mr. Bowers' entry. We are not happy that this American Ambassador who championed the Red cause in Spain is now sent to represent this country before one of the two Red governments of the Western World.

— — —

SOME forty-five years ago, Lucy Brennan began to teach children in the public schools of New York. Having reached the age of seventy she has retired from the daily round of classes, but she still teaches catechism groups. Lucy Brennan has influenced for good every brood of children that has come to her, year by year. All credit and glory be to Lucy Brennan on this her record. She has received her salary for her work. And this is how she spent it. A lot of boys and girls wanted to go through college, but they were too poor. Lucy Brennan listened to their stories. She could have used her salary for her own purposes; but she wanted to help these youngsters through college. And so, through the years, out of her own earnings, she paid the college tuition of fifty-six boys and girls. We remember that the saintly Matt Talbot saved his pennies and spent his pounds to make priests. And Lucy Brennan, here in New York, also made sacrifices to educate Catholic boys and girls. Eighteen of her boys have received their degrees from Fordham University. On this June 14, Fordham University conferred on Lucy Brennan the degree of Doctor of Laws. We offer our congratulations to Dr. Brennan on this her new distinction. In reality, however, she has long been a master as well as a doctor in the highest of all laws, that of self-sacrificing charity.

JUST how much influence the Librarian of Congress has in coloring the thought of the nation with the dye of his own views is probably a matter that should be investigated. But it is not quite certain that cheers should immediately follow the recent appointment of Archibald MacLeish, poet, to that important post. A poet, in the sense of being a specialist, would seem to be a bad choice for the position of Librarian of Congress. Arthur Guiterman tells in a witty verse of how a million dollars was given in bequest to a mid-western university. The disposal of the funds fell into the hands of a rabid agriculturalist, who spent most of the sum on farm books, books about soil, fertilization and the like, driving Mr. Guiterman to exclaim: "A million dollars for manure; and not one cent for literature." Mr. MacLeish would seem to us to be something worse than a poet, in the sense in which a poet is a suspect person. He is a *defeated* poet, one who has watered down his lyrical gift of late to suit the discontentment of the times, and has not always seemed to be on the hopeful side when it comes to presenting his message in either disciplined thought or disciplined expression. It is to be hoped that there are enough hide-bound rules applying to the post of Congressional Librarian which may restrain Mr. MacLeish from overloading the bookshelves at Washington with his pet preferences in literature at the moment. It is not certain, charming and cultured as the gesture may seem, that the best thing to do for a library is to put a poet in charge of it, until one assures one's self what kind of a poet he is, as well as what kind of a poet he thinks himself to be.

— — —

THE FIRST LEGION advances from triumph to triumph. When Emmet Lavery came down from Poughkeepsie to New York, some six years ago, with a play about the Jesuits, he received little encouragement; but that is not unusual. A few, however, believed in him and his play, and chanced much in collaborating with him. When he sought a producer, he discovered, as so many of us have discovered, that there is not one moneyed Catholic in the whole East or in the Middle West who sponsors any Catholic's intellectual or cultural or artistic project. A Jewish gentleman and an Episcopalian actor had faith in *The First Legion*, and they were motivated more by idealism than by possible profits. It is well to take down the record to date, noting that nowhere did the play originate under Catholic auspices. In 1934, this Catholic play lasted three months on Broadway, a fine achievement, considering it was not patronized much by Catholics and received a cold word from the critics, because it was Catholic. In 1935, it traveled for six months through the principal American cities.



That same year, it was given in one hundred performances at the Josefstadt in Vienna. In 1936, it had a season's run in Budapest, with special productions in Prague, Lucerne, Zurich. In 1937, against strong Catholic opposition, it had about a hundred performances in London. In 1938, it opened at the Vieux Colombier in Paris, with René Rocher as producer. It became the smash hit of Paris, and is still drawing large audiences. By the end of May, 1939, it had reached its two hundredth performance, will probably be kept on for some more months, and will then be taken on tour through the French Provinces. This year, an excellent repertory company produced it in Dublin and Cork. Late this summer, *The First Legion* will open in Buenos Aires, Argentina. And productions are pending in Scandinavia, Poland and Portugal. It has been translated into German, Hungarian, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, and is now being turned into Polish and Gaelic. Our congratulations are extended to the intrepid playwright, Emmet Lavery, for his first Catholic success, and our thanks to him for his later Catholic productions, *Monsignor's Hour* and *Second Spring*.

THE Popular Front in France may be in temporary eclipse, but its international connections are in good working order. Weekly, Léon Blum crosses the English Channel to hold intimate converse with Leslie Hore-Belisha, British War Minister, Anthony Eden, Duff Cooper and other British advocates of the Soviet alliance. It is one of the paradoxes of what is called democracy, that Americans may be involved in a war made for the greater glory of Communism, not by their representatives in Washington, but by foreigners following the party line, and foreigners who hold no elected office in their respective nations.

AMERICANS traveling abroad are frequently astonished to learn that cultured foreigners regard us as a menace to civilization. To many Europeans who know us only through some of our principal exports—books and magazines, moving pictures and music—we are germ-carriers infecting their culture with the twin poisons of materialism and immorality. Our Catholic neighbors in Canada have long looked upon us with suspicion and fear, and their leaders have been striving to insulate the population from what they regard as the debasing influences of American life. Recently a staff writer on the Washington *Evening Star* sent a dispatch from Buenos Aires in which he charged that our publications are bringing us into bad odor in South America. From pagan Japan has come a similar protest. The authorities there lately banned a popular motion-picture magazine from all the news stands in the country because it was having a pernicious effect on school children. We know, to be sure, that neither the talkies nor the magazine racks are typical of American life, but the foreigner who meets us only through these media, frequently does not know this. Despite the howls

of a few professional pornographers and a noisy minority of deluded liberals, who confuse liberty with licence, the campaign against indecent literature, lead by Bishop Noll, of Fort Wayne, Ind., should be vigorously pushed, not only in the name of public decency, but in the name of patriotism.

DISPATCHES from Bombay announce that Mahatma Gandhi, Nationalist party leader, intends to make a chemical investigation to determine whether his favorite beverage, made of fermented palm juice, is alcoholic. Mr. Gandhi is a teetotaler, and recently endorsed this beverage as a prohibition drink. It is called nira, and is now said to contain six per cent of alcohol. If this reaches Mr. Gandhi in time, we may save him useless expense by informing him that nira is highly intoxicating. A few years ago it was consumed in enormous quantities in the United States. So popular was this beverage that we spelt it with capitals, NIRA. When first introduced it sent thousands of people marching through the streets in a state of high exaltation. Blue eagles appeared as a result. Codes, too, developed, as an essential ingredient of the drink. Unfortunately, nira was found to contain a large percentage of wage differentials, which could not be eliminated from its composition. Serious headaches attended its consumption, and a sobered world returned to coco cola and ginger ale. We advise Mr. Gandhi in the future to content himself with unfermented palm juice.

GIRLS at Vassar and sundry other of our select colleges who follow Communist directives with the intelligent enthusiasm of a flock of sheep may soon be wearing silk stockings again. The fact is that the Tokio extension of the Rome-Berlin axis has become wobbly. When Italy and Germany signed their recent military pact at Milan, Japan, according to the original intention, should have been a party to the agreement. Despite opposition from the Army, which wanted a military agreement with Germany, the new cabinet of Baron Hiranuma refused the Berlin invitation. Japan has known for some time that both Germany and Italy have been supplying China with munitions. She is beginning to realize, too, that she can expect more from friendship with the so-called "democracies" than from alliance with the have-not totalitarian states. Should Japan suddenly throw in her lot with her old ally England (and Britain goes seeking allies these days without much regard for their moral or political reputation), it will be interesting to watch the tergiversations of Soviet Russia. But a country which, excluded from a voice in European affairs at the Munich Conference, can land on its feet a few months later with Britain suing for its hand may be expected to find a way, however impossible this may seem, of assimilating even a Japanese *volte face*. If this happens, the daughters of our best families can, following Leftist leadership, discard their cotton hose and shimmer again in silk. Thus is Nanking forgotten and history made.

# TROTSKY VERSUS STALIN AFTER THE SPANISH DEFEAT

Revelation articles that make for new propaganda

JOHN E. KELLY

---

---

IT is legendary that thieves fall out among themselves, and it was quite according to expectation that the fugitive leaders of the Red "Government" of Spain should shift the blame for failure upon each other's shoulders. But a far more interesting and important development has taken place, a concerted attempt to free "pure Communism" from the onus of the failure and to place upon "ole debil" Stalin the entire blame. This move can be clearly traced in numerous articles recently published by apologists for the Red regime, by actors in the tragedy and by agents of the Red Napoleon now biding his time in Mexico.

Though the move is clear to students of the Spanish situation, the arguments of the protagonists are labored and often at variance with documentary evidence. In striving to make their points, the writers unwittingly prove the case of Christian Spain and give the lie effectively to those, in this country and elsewhere, who made the welkin ring with "Spanish democracy." For, in imputing all blame to Stalin, they must show that Communist Russia controlled Red Spain, made it "a vassal of the Kremlin" in the words of the Red Army General Krivitsky. Their omissions, their silences, are almost as significant as their confessions of what readers of AMERICA knew more than two years ago.

Typical of the re-emergence of the "Trotskyite line" of specious reasoning, the defense of the "true Communism of Lenin" (Krivitsky again), are the articles by the former Red Spanish Ambassador to Paris, Luis Araquistain (*New York Times*, May 19, 21, June 4, 1939), *Russia's Role in Spain* by Irving Pflaum (*American Mercury*, May, 1939) and W. G. Krivitsky's articles (*Saturday Evening Post*, April 15, 22, 29, 1939). The latter, according to his editorial sponsors, is a Red Army General, Chief of Military Intelligence for Western Europe, who escaped the Tukhachevsky purge and fled, to hate Stalin in exile.

It is most interesting to find that Pflaum, who claims to have lived in Spain as a newspaper correspondent for five years prior to and during the war, and Krivitsky, from his hidden spy headquarters, deny Russian intervention in Spain prior to the outbreak of the war! The Red General says: "Stalin turned his eyes toward Spain after the outbreak

of the Franco rebellion." And again: "The revelations of German and Italian military aid to Franco . . . brought no response from the Kremlin. The civil war in Spain developed into a huge conflagration and still Stalin remained silent and motionless." Pflaum chimes in: "Russia remained aloof for four months after the Franco coup"; "Stalin's domination of the Loyalist regime since May, 1937."

Both statements must be classed as wishful thinking, for Krivitsky must have received *Pravda* and probably attended the sessions of the Seventh World Congress of Communism in August, 1935. In the files of the official Red journal and at the sessions presided over by Stalin, there were complete accounts of Soviet intervention in Spain since 1920, with statements that \$1,250,000 were sent to make the 1932 rebellion, and \$750,000 and vast stores of arms in 1934 (*Pravda*, Nov. 24, 1934). Pflaum could hardly have overlooked the landing of the seventy-nine Russian General Staff officers in Spain in April, 1936, or the discharge of shiploads of Russian arms and munitions for the Red workers militias at Gijon and Malaga in the same month.

The attempt here is to picture, cleverly and by implication, the native Spanish Communist and especially the Trotskyite P.O.U.M., as innocent of lethal intent; and at the same time to picture Stalin, since he lost the war anyway, as selfish, imperialist, and the enemy of the working class. This frees the Fourth International abroad from the onus of the failure, and enables the Red orators to shrug off the massacres and mistakes in Spain as the fault of Stalin, "which democratic Communism abhors." It is significant that this propaganda is so soon in evidence, so well sponsored by innocents, to make us forget the lesson of Spain, and to deafen us to the boring of Marxist sappers beneath our feet in this land of fancied security.

The apologists rush to defend Largo Caballero at the expense of the more recently fallen idol, Dr. Juan Negrin. Caballero told H. E. Knoblaugh (*Correspondent in Spain*) "Azaña will play Kerensky to my Lenin"; Araquistain admits: "Soon after July, 1936 . . . Largo Caballero . . . was being acclaimed in workers meetings and at the fronts with the addition of 'the Spanish Lenin'"; and yet,



we are now asked to believe that Caballero, was in reality anti-Communist! Krivitsky says cautiously: "Largo Caballero favored cooperation with the Soviet." A miracle of understatement in describing a regime that placed the Soviet star on its uniforms, Stalin's picture in *Puerta del Sol*, his Ambassador, Marcel Rosenberg, in such complete control after September, 1936, that no cabinet meeting could be held in his absence, no decree could be promulgated without his initials affixed.

In attempting to explain the fall of Largo Caballero, the apologists are on untenable ground in claiming it was due to his opposition to the complete Sovietization of the Red Spanish Government. No one could have groveled more to Moscow than did Largo Caballero. The truth, as Juan Francisco de Cárdenas, the present Nationalist Ambassador to the United States, pointed out in his speeches during the war, is that Largo Caballero was replaced because he was too openly a tool of Russia. To save the faces of the "western democracies" on the Non-Intervention Committee, a puppet had to be found, a man pliable but outwardly respectable, with no background of Communist action. This latest awkward maneuver to repaint and present Largo Caballero as a "democrat" is based, without doubt, on the belief that the public's memory is short. Some leader must be found and Largo Caballero is ambitious. Negrin is too discredited by his flight into France.

No doubt Stalin was dissatisfied with Largo Caballero in office, for a stubborn, ignorant man is the worst of governors. In the armies of the world, Largo Caballero will be remembered, with Homeric laughter, as the man who "solved" the eternal argument as to the border line between tactics and strategy. He astounded a group of Red Army Staff officers one day in Madrid with the complacent statement that "tactics is when you attack the enemy from the front, strategy is when you surround him."

Pflaum would also hold up Indalecio Prieto, the rotund Red Minister of Defense, as a victim of Stalin who was forced out of office by stoppage of Russian munitions. Prieto ran away in the fall of 1938 when the end was certain and when his pockets bulged with twelve millions in stolen money. He went off to Chile to tell the newly elected Popular Front Government "how we did it," and to give a few tips on the confiscation of foreign property, in this case, American. Thrifty as always, he stopped in New York where, at his orders (had he been in the bad graces of Stalin, he would not have been received), Cruz Marin, the Spanish Red Consul General, drew a check for thirty thousand dollars, for "expenses of Señor Prieto's trip to Chile." Prieto has purchased a huge ranch near Cuernavaca, Mexico, while awaiting another chance to loot a nation.

Alvarez del Vayo, intimate of Léon Blum and confessed chief source of information on Spanish affairs for former American Ambassador, Claude Bowers, is the villain of the piece. Possessed of uncongenial temperament, he seems to have permanently estranged all his fellow Reds, except New

York's guest, Negrin. Araquistain says that prior to the war, Alvarez del Vayo sheltered the chief Soviet agent, Codovila, in his home, where he met native Reds to prepare for the class war. The ex-Ambassador, Araquistain, describes him bitterly: "That is, he was a Communist without having officially ceased to belong to the Socialist party."

Pflaum and Araquistain do not explain how it is, if the Largo Caballero cabinet was anti-Soviet and dismissed for that reason, that Alvarez del Vayo served both premiers as Foreign Minister. Araquistain, indeed, adds to the confusion by reporting that Negrin said he reappointed Del Vayo "because I have not found anyone dumber than he." This must make for brotherhood when the two fugitive Reds, Negrin and Del Vayo, meet on lecture platforms in this country!

Krivitsky adds a note that should give pause to all Americans who consort with "Red front" organizations, protesting their innocent purposes and Americanism. This hard-bitten General of Intelligence states, speaking of munitions purchases:

Success depended upon selecting the right men. We had such men on the string. Numbers of them were in the societies allied with the various Communist Party centers abroad, such as the Friends of the Soviet Union and the many Leagues for Peace and Democracy. Both the OGPU and the Military Intelligence of the Red Army looked upon certain members of these societies as war reserves and as civilian auxiliaries of the Soviet defense system.

Note that these "war reserves" are not Russians, but citizens of "democratic countries." They may walk the same streets with you today. But tomorrow?

Scores of lines and paragraphs from Krivitsky's article clamor for quotation. They hammer away at the Trotskyite objectives and illuminate the corners darkened by Red propaganda. He ends on a note the more striking because the author is apparently unaware of its implications: "(toward the close of the war) the rôle of Stalin in Spain was now going into eclipse. Stalin had intervened there in the hope that he would, with the assistance of a vassal Spanish regime, build a bridge to London and Paris. His maneuver failed. *Léon Blum and Anthony Eden resigned.*"

While Trotsky seizes the opportunity created by the ending of the propaganda from Spain to push his own version of Communism, fortune favors him otherwise. For if he can snatch the torch of world revolution from the hands of Joseph Djughashvili, alias Stalin, he may implement his theory with power. Mexico has become the headquarters of the Fourth International. The Red Napoleon has gathered about him the remnants of the International Brigades, the stolen funds, the Spanish Red leaders, civil and military. An immense horde of anarchist and socialist followers are en route to "workers colonies" along the Texas border where, in the words of the Mexican President, "they will gather strength until they can conquer Spain again." Trotsky may have use for them elsewhere. Stalin lost the Spanish war; General Franco won it; but Trotsky has fished bonanza from the troubled waters.

## WE THROW BOUQUETS AT HEYWOOD BROWN

*(THE following excerpt is taken from a letter addressed by Charles Willis Thompson, the noted writer, to a friend. By permission of Mr. Thompson, the letter was shown to the Editor of AMERICA, who requested publication rights. Mr. Thompson never intended his letter for publication; nevertheless, he permits us to share it with our readers.)*

... Now about Heywood Broun. He is not, as some call him, "a queer fish"; he is and always has been a sincere, consistent seeker for the truth. He has not had "a strange career"; his career has been as consistent and as straight as his honest, truth-desiring mind. He will not "flounder about" in Catholicism, any more than Brownson did; like Brownson, his search is at an end. He is not "one of a peculiar tribe"; at least I hope that a life of honest truth-seeking and ultimate truth-finding is not "peculiar," and if it is, then the "tribe" has had members differing as peculiarly in type from all others as those whom Saint Paul converted differ from Chesterton, Joyce Kilmer, or that Colonel Mann who, in 1928, was the head-center for anti-papist propaganda against Al Smith, and who soon became a convert.

Shut in as I am, I have yet received, from visitors, shocking reports of the undertone of Catholic conversation, both among laymen and in the priesthood itself, about Broun's conversion. It is a foul, rippling sewer of suspicion, hostility and hatred. Plenty of born Catholics are unfriendly and contemptuous toward all converts, but in Broun's case this unfriendliness is replaced by active hostility, animosity. It has become plain to me that he is in for the same sort of Purgatory, in his first years as a Catholic, that Brownson underwent; that his martyrdom at the hands of Catholics, as their idea of the proper reward for his acceptance of the Eternal Truth, is to be the same as Brownson suffered. Once is enough for American Catholicism to commit that evil mistake and martyr, instead of rewarding, an eminent convert. Broun will suffer, in any case, the hatred and jeers of his lifetime colleagues, his friends of years, to whom he is a renegade and traitor. To their brickbats and dead cats are being subterraneously added bricks and dead cats from the Church for which he has abandoned them.

His course through life has been that of a tender-hearted man striving to uplift the down-trodden. Mistakenly—like so many—he thought the way was through radical Socialism; he knew no other way. He has found the *true* way and has abandoned Karl Marx and *Das Kapital* for Leo XIII and the *Encyclicals*. And this is his reward, for a single-hearted life consecrated to the "uplift" of the poor and his discovery of the true way at fifty—or much earlier, for his Baptism was the final step only.

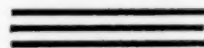
I have known Broun intimately, since twenty-six years ago, though of late years our paths have diverged; in fact I have not seen him or heard from him for seven years. I mention this former intimacy, lasting many years, as indicating that I know what I am talking about; one cannot be intimate with a man without knowing his character. And his character is as I have just described it. He is the Middle-Ages fiction of Sir Galahad, come to actual life on Broadway.

The Brownson parallel is almost exact. Brownson, too, was a labor and social reformer and radical. Brownson and Broun used the forum open to their respective times. In 1830 the influential forum was the Protestant pulpit, and Brownson mounted it. In 1930 it was the newspaper column, the Protestant pulpit being by now a "has been"; and Broun seized on that. A hundred years made that difference, but it is only an external difference; in 1930 Brownson would have been preaching social justice through a column, and in 1830 Broun would have mounted a pulpit, for the same purpose. The Church has acquired a mighty and two-fisted fighter, and no sneering or snarling voices should spot or mar the Catholic appreciation of the great service he will be able to give her. . . .

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

## RED POISON RUNS OUT OF FAIR

JOHN A. TOOMEY, S.J.



AFTER long and arduous preparations, the New York World's Fair was at length opened. Enormous crowds, their curiosity whetted by months of high-powered publicity, poured through the turnstiles and gazed with bulging eyes at the breath-taking beauty of the myriad, quaintly contoured buildings. From the very first day, an unmistakable feature of the Fair stamped itself indelibly on the visitors.

One pavilion dominated all the others, the pavilion of Utopiavich. Towering above all the other buildings rose this artistically chiseled marble structure, topped by the huge, sky-scraping figure of an Asiatic herb doctor holding a bottle of red patent medicine above his head. At night brilliant illumination played on the lofty figure. The sparkling red medicine could be seen from all parts of the vast Fair and from the surrounding countryside. The herb doctor, poised high in the night sky, seemed to be saying: "Try this red medicine, comrades. It will cure all your ills as it cured the ills of Utopiavich."

Millions of men, women and children swarmed through the interior of the Utopiavich pavilion. Just a few minutes' inspection of the giant paint-



ings, the artistic displays, the clever reproductions sufficed to bring out the amazing fact that throughout the length and breadth of Utopiavich there was not even one unhappy man, woman or child. More protracted scrutiny merely confirmed the first cursory glances. There was nothing amiss in Utopiavich. The Asiatic herb doctor and the red medicine had achieved the millenium.

The following letter from a twenty-one-year-old American college girl to her father reveals the impact of the pavilion:

"Dear Daddy: Yesterday I visited the New York World's Fair, and was especially impressed by the Utopiavich building. The magnificent exhibits give one a vivid idea of what a blissful land the Utopiaviches have built. For example, there is one colossal painting showing a throng of typical Utopiavich citizens, and a happier, healthier group than the one shown by this painting I have never seen. The group portrayed was very large, and yet, honestly, I could not find even one individual in that great crowd who was not bursting with health and laughing joyously. I looked at the men and they were all bursting with health and laughing joyously. I looked at the women and they were all doing the same thing. Even the children were bursting with health and laughing joyously.

"The exhibits are simply gorgeous. They show how in the short space of twenty years domestic infelicity, labor conflicts, unemployment, inhumanity of man to man, social incompatibilities, all forms of sickness and a thousand other woes have been completely washed away by the red medicine. One of the astonishing factors is that this miracle was accomplished without the aid of high-handed and brutal methods. Nowhere in the pavilion could I see exhibits of firing squads, dungeons, mass executions, as, of course, there would be had these things been employed in Utopiavich. Really, Dad, I was profoundly impressed. I am bringing back some of the red medicine. Our professors in college have been emphasizing what a wonderful country Utopiavich is, and this pavilion confirms everything the professors said.

Your affectionate daughter,

Dumsy."

Many visitors to the pavilion were impressed after the fashion of Dumsy. They procured the red medicine to carry back home. Obliging attendants in the pavilion ladled out any quantity desired, and in a short time the ruby liquid was appearing in every State of the Union. And then came a most unexpected sequel. The red medicine commenced to produce, not health, but disease and death.

The first report of a disaster resulting from a visit to the Utopiavich pavilion came from Iowa. A citizen of that State, returned home, gulped a bit of the medicine and commenced to grow red all over. Doctors, hastily summoned, were baffled by the disease. In some respects it resembled scarlet fever, but it manifested certain other malignant symptoms which differed from any known to the American medical profession. Next, two Californians were stricken. Kentucky and Maine reported cases and gradually, as time marched on, in every

State of the Union people were being laid low by the pestilence. All the cases exhibited striking similarities. In addition to being wracked by a burning fever, the victims were consumed by an irresistible urge to overthrow the United States Government and to spread hatred of God among their fellows. For a long time the American people did not realize how widespread the disease was, as the press and radio hushed the story up, fearful that it would prove unfavorable publicity for the Fair.

At length, however, the menacing situation became generally known and insistent clamor arose demanding that the Utopiavich building be forced to label the red medicine as poison instead of representing it to gullible people as a panacea for every ill. In response to this outcry, authorities argued there was nothing they could do. Utopiavich was a friendly nation maintaining diplomatic relations with the United States. Under diplomatic procedure, it seemed, a friendly nation, provided it was peace-loving and not an aggressor, could spread disease among American citizens without interference from officials. Such interference, it was pointed out, might be construed by Utopiavich as an unfriendly act. Worse yet, an attempt to prevent Utopiavich from poisoning the people might even lead to a rupture in diplomatic relations, yea, might even cause the building at the Fair to be closed.

This legalistic reasoning failed to convince certain groups in the United States. They insisted that the Food and Drug law, the law against false advertising be applied to the Utopiavich pavilion; American manufacturers are not allowed to misrepresent their wares; Utopiavich should not be permitted to mislead the American public concerning its wares.

Their pleas, however, fell on deaf ears. Officials pointed out that the Food and Drug law, the law against false advertising were made for American citizens, not for peace-loving, non-aggressor democracies such as Utopiavich. However, as a sop to the rising storm of protests, an American flag was placed higher than the figure of the Asiatic herb doctor. This action satisfied quite a few, but other individuals, hard to please, maintained that the poisoning itself should be stopped. Such an unreasonable demand was, naturally, incompatible with diplomatic usage, and for two years the Utopiavich pavilion continued to infect the American public with malignant disease.

The above is a story. Certain of its details are imaginary. There is, for example, no Utopiavich, no Utopiavich pavilion, and if there were, officials would not allow it to peddle liquid poison. Liquid poison is taboo. However, the story is, in the main, based on fact, for there is another sort of poison, a far worse sort of poison; tasteless, odorless, invisible, radiating from the Soviet pavilion at the Fair; being breathed in by millions of men, women and children; being carried back to the forty-eight States. But this poison is not liquid and does not produce physical disease. All this poison is designed to accomplish is to set up a Communist dictatorship in Washington and to drive God and religion out of America. And this poison is going to pour out of the Soviet pavilion for two years.

# TO BE RADICAL IS TO BE CATHOLIC

When you deal with the Negro problem

JOHN T. GILLARD, S.S.J.

---

---

AT this late date one can hardly realize how radical were the Jesuit Fathers when, on October 10, 1863, "The Associated Professors of Loyola College of the City of Baltimore" signed the deed which transferred to them the property and building at Calvert and Pleasant Streets, four squares south of St. Ignatius' Church.

The prime mover in the acquisition of the church property was Father Peter Miller, S.J., then in charge of the colored Catholics of Baltimore. He was ably aided by Father Michael O'Connor, S.J., former Bishop of Pittsburgh, who had resigned his See to become a Jesuit. While stationed at St. Ignatius, Father O'Connor personally solicited from his friends the sum of \$6,000 towards the purchase price.

Completely renovated, on February 21, 1864, the building was solemnly dedicated as St. Francis Xavier's Church, the first Catholic parish church in the United States for the special use of Negroes. The diamond jubilee of the parish recalls that this year is also the centennial of the church structure, still standing and used by colored Catholics, although a little over five years ago parish activities were moved to a new center.

Prior and up to this time, internal problems hindered the Church from availing itself of the missionary opportunity presented by the presence of some four million Negro slaves in the South. There were, nevertheless, a number of undertakings in behalf of the black man, although of an individual nature. It was to old St. Francis Xavier's, however, that the four pioneer Josephite Fathers came from Mill Hill, England, in 1871, to begin the first organized effort to win the souls of America's freedmen. It was more than a score of years later that the American Church assumed full responsibility for this mission field by the establishment of the American Josephites.

Wearing the prophet's mantle at the dedication of St. Peter Claver's Church for the Negroes of Baltimore, fifty years ago, the convert Bishop Alfred Curtis said: "If the Church is going to make a triumph, it must be through the colored race. I am afraid, God help us, it is drifting from the whites. . . . The Church will have its glory and triumph in the colored race and, for aught I know,

they will be the salvation of this nation." Wave after wave of Catholic immigration from across the sea swelled the number of Catholics among the whites; but, by contrast, a collusion of southern prejudice and northern indifference made difficult much progress among the colored. It would seem that the Bishop was in error.

Half a century later, however, there are those who are beginning to suspect a bit of accuracy in the churchman's insight into the future of the Faith among the whites: leakage and a spirit of indifferentism are causing sand blisters on the levees. On the other hand, while among the Negroes we are still far from the success for which so many had hoped and so few have striven, the accomplishments of the Negro missions are stupendous, if thought be given to the obstacles encountered and the support withheld. Present indications point to a more general interest and a more generous support.

Even as late as the turn of this century, a pathetically small handful of priests were all that could be found to dedicate their lives to laboring on scarcely a score of mission centers among the millions of Negroes. The men and women, priests and nuns, who went into the Southland before the beginning of this century had to be made of stern stuff. No halo was their's; the white cloak with which Herod marked Christ as a fool was thrown over their shoulders. Who else but a "fool for Christ's sake" would then have espoused the cause of the crucified Negro, would have risked his neck at the hands of lynching parties, would have lived, labored and died in shacks, in shambles and in slums, would have endured humiliation, ostracism and insults from whites and the heartaches from colored?

Last year, five of these pioneer missionaries celebrated sacerdotal jubilees: Father Lambert Welbers, S.S.J., still active in San Antonio, Tex., commemorated fifty years of service by working as usual; Fathers Louis B. Pastorelli, S.S.J., LL.D., Superior General of the Josephite Fathers, Thomas Duffy, S.S.J., Thomas Plunkett, S.S.J., and Charles Hannigan, S.S.J., rounded out forty years. If, today, it is fashionable to be interested in the Negro and a sign of good sense to champion his cause,



these men of yesteryear made it possible to be Christlike towards him, pleaded his cause in a day when there were few willing ears to listen, and fought valiantly when the Negro Missions were bogged down in a mire of prejudice and fanatical opposition.

Today from the Rio Grande to the Hudson and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the cross of Christ surmounts 175 parish and seventy-five mission churches for colored Catholics. These churches range from weather-beaten chapels on the prairies of Texas to gigantic structures in the heart of New York's Harlem, and their congregations vary in size from the twelve dozen in Wichita, Kans., to the twelve thousand of Corpus Christi parish, New Orleans. About half the total number of colored Catholics are scattered throughout the country mixed in white congregations.

Dedicating their whole time and energy to the work being done in these mission units are some 350 priests belonging to sixteen Religious Orders and the diocesan clergy. The Society of St. Joseph, members of which are known as Josephite Fathers, is the only organization of priests working exclusively among the Negroes of this country; naturally they have the largest contingent in the field—125 in all, of which number twenty-five are in administrative and institutional work. The Fathers of the Divine Word and the Holy Ghost Fathers are the next most numerous. The litany of laborers continues with the names of Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, Vincentians, Passionists, Dominicans, Sanguinists, Oblates, Edmundites, Capuchins, Redemptorists, Holy Cross Fathers and African Missioners. It may be significant of a trend that fifty-five of the diocesan clergy are full-time laborers among the Negroes, with as many more pastoring white parishes to which are attached mission chapels or schools for colored; most of the full-time diocesan missioners, however, are in populous northern centers.

Limitations of space preclude going into detail concerning the hundreds of educational and institutional units served by nuns from more than fifty Sistershoods in which many thousands of colored children are being educated and cared for. Important, too, are the institutions of training for missionary priests and Sisters, with special emphasis on the clergy and four communities of colored Sisters in the United States. The sum total of activities adds up to an impressive figure.

Proportionately the number of colored Catholics in the United States, about 300,000, is small in relation to the Negro population of 13,000,000: one out of every forty-three Negroes is Catholic, but one out of every ten persons in the United States is colored. Merely to make a quantitative comparison of this figure with the six or seven million Negroes who claim membership in some non-Catholic religious body, however, would lead to an erroneous conclusion. There is a qualitative measurement to be made. It might fairly be said that colored Catholics represent a certain selectivity if consideration be given to the Catholic moral code as compared with that of other forms of religion. Furthermore,

an important factor in any comparison must be the fact that three-quarters of all the colored people live in the South where the Church is weak and scattered.

In the past, most Catholics of the North have been lulled into a sleep of indifference towards these millions, either by the absence of ocular demonstration of their needs or the thought that their salvation was a problem peculiar to the South. It may have been providential that the migration of Negroes from the South during the past two decades brought so many thousands of them to the urban centers of the North and West where the Church can press its claims with some freedom and advantage.

Converting the Negro, of course, is not one whit easier than converting any other person—many beads of perspiration must be mixed with many rosary beads. The fact that not more than half the race are affiliated with organized forms of religion (about the average for the United States in general) disposes of the oft-repeated assertion that the Negro is "naturally" religious, whatever that means. It would probably be true, nevertheless, to say that the Negroes are more open to religious argument because in one sense their poverty removes them from occasions which ordinarily might be conceived as hindrances to spiritual insight, while their advancing education is turning them away from the more emotional forms of what for the most part they have hitherto known as religion. In another sense, however, both poverty and education are positive hindrances to their conversion—a poverty which would rob them of the ordinary decencies of existence and an education which would destroy religious values.

A favorable factor is that many Negroes have admired the Church from afar, although they have been deterred from entering therein by fear of not being welcome in what many have come to regard as a "white man's Church." It comes as a pleasant surprise to many to learn that the Catholic Church is not so skin-shy as some of its members.

By the nature of the situation, lay Catholics must do the major work of dissipating wrong conceptions of the Church on the part of Aframerica. This they can do by the simple expedient of being Catholic Catholics. Present signs indicate a healthy convalescence of the Catholic conscience. Within the past decade an amazing amount of interest has been evinced in the Negro missions. Youth is in the forefront, organizing mission societies and interracial groups, and in general embarrassing their elders by their "radicalism." Fortunately, Catholic youth has the right kind of "radicalism"—the kind that Christ had. Assuredly it is consoling to know that Catholics have a "radicalism" with which to match the rank radicalism of sinister forces which are making a strong bid for America's black and brown millions who pray for light and leadership. Seventy-five years ago the "radicalism" which brought about the dedication of old St. Francis Xavier's Church gave the Negro a new hope in an old Faith. May this year of its diamond anniversary give him a new indication of charity!

# FIFTY THREE BILLIONS— HOW MUCH OF IT IS MONEY?

An inquiry into a subject few can understand

LAWRENCE LUCEY

---

---

---

ON sailing to America the first Puritan colonists brought English money with them, pounds and small coins. After settling in the neighborhood of Plymouth Rock the Puritans on buying and selling among themselves used the money they had brought over from England as their medium of exchange. Soon, however, they entered commercial relations with the Indians. They saw that an immense profit could be made by buying furs from the Indians and exporting them to England. But immediately a wrench was thrown into the commercial machinery.

When a Puritan offered an Indian an English pound for some furs, the red man balked at this foolish money. Indians had never seen English money prior to the landing of the Puritans. They had no faith in England and wanted none of her paper or gold or silver. If the Puritans wanted to buy furs, they must use a medium of exchange acceptable to the Indian—wampum.

The Indians were not stupid in refusing to accept money about whose origin and value they were uninformed. On the contrary, they acted shrewdly in refusing to accept something of dubious value in exchange for their valuable furs. Would that we in America had inherited some of the caution and shrewdness of the Indian! Would that we Americans only had the brains to realize that we could command our Government to make whatever medium of exchange we desired as legal tender, just as the Indians by their boycott on English money forced the colonists to make wampum, sea shells, legal tender. If we ever began to put some of our brain cells to work in an effort to establish a sound medium of exchange our economic headaches—unemployment, doles, breadlines, and the rest—would be almost completely cured.

One of America's leading money economists, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, has said that only eighteen people in the nation understand money. Since this estimate was made, and mainly because of the educational campaign being conducted by Father Coughlin, those who have informed themselves on the nature and importance of money have increased. However, I believe that there are not more than a few hundred people at present who really understand money.

The Indians were wise enough to refuse to accept money about whose nature they knew nothing; but the modern American will sweat and slave and even steal money about which he is as ignorant as was the Indian of the English pound. Americans have frequently been called a money-mad people; but no one has ever accused them of being very bright insofar as a knowledge of what money means, how it is issued, who issues it, whether or not it is a sound or unsound system, does it function for the benefit of the people, or is it set up so that it, like a slot machine, is geared against the interest of the common man.

Heywood Broun uses the most exquisite, finished and neat writing style in columnism to express some stupid ideas. Once to my recollection he had a thought solid enough for his masterly phrases. Heywood advised us to spend a probationary period of many years in which an opinion would not cross our lips; we were to be mute to all except facts. I shall take his tip and from here to the last period of this article I shall be as factual as the *World Almanac* on a topic on which we all need an extra large dose of facts—money.

From data gathered by the Federal Reserve, we learn that there was slightly more than fifty-three billion dollars on deposit in the banks of the United States during 1937. The total amount of money in the nation during this year was in excess of this amount, for a few banks did not report to the Federal Reserve and some money was in the pockets of the man in the street and some was tucked under his mattress. But for our purposes it will be accurate enough to say that there were fifty-three billion dollars of money, of all kinds, in the nation last year.

What were the various kinds of money that, when added together, amounted to a total of fifty-three billion dollars? First, there was the currency coined and issued by the Federal Government. Subsidiary silver, nickels and pennies amounted to about four hundred million dollars. Silver bills, that is one, two and five dollar bills amounted to roughly five hundred million dollars. United States notes and Treasury notes of 1890 totaled roughly seven hundred million dollars. All told, the United States Government coined and issued nearly two billion



dollars of our total money supply. The remainder of the money on deposit, over fifty-one billion dollars, was issued by banks.

Second, the rest of the circulating currency consisted of four and a half billion dollars in Federal Reserve notes, bills for five or more dollars, and nearly three hundred million dollars in National Bank notes. Our total circulating currency, the paper and coins issued by both the Government and the banks, totaled about six and one-half billion dollars.

Third, the largest part of the money deposited in banks was not currency. About forty-six billion of the fifty-three billion dollars was bank-issued credit-money. This kind of money comes into being on the books of banks when they grant a borrower a loan in exchange for a mortgage on his property or some other form of security. Credit money is not backed by currency. One dollar in currency theoretically authorizes a bank to lend ten dollars, and nine of them cannot be backed by currency.

One striking feature of our money system is that the banks issue over ninety-five per cent of our money while the Government issues less than five per cent. The total amount of our money except coins and bills up to five dollars is issued by private banks.

Bank-issued money is backed by a debt. It cannot be issued unless it is preceded by a debt, whether a bond or mortgage or some other form of security. Since there is a charge for every debt owed to a bank, each dollar of bank-issued money bears interest. Bank-issued money must be *lent* into circulation, whereas government-issued money generally is *paid* into circulation. A bank lends a borrower money and that originates it, whereas a government may pay the money it issues (not borrows) to its employees and it gets into circulation without an interest charge.

To get a clear picture of the birth of a bank-issued dollar, assume that the Federal Reserve were to buy a six-dollar bond from the Government with six dollar bills. (Of course this is never done for there are no Federal bonds valued as low as six dollars and the bank does not pay for a bond with bills, for it merely credits the account of the Government with the value of the bond. But this simplification will clarify the picture.) This six-dollar bond is then taken to the Treasury along with a gold certificate for four dollars and the bank receives in exchange a freshly printed ten dollar bill (Federal Reserve note). While the six-dollar bond is deposited with the Treasury, the bank is permitted to clip the coupons and collect the interest on its due day. The end result of this currency creating process is that the bank has a ten dollar bill, and since it started with six one dollar bills and a four-dollar gold certificate, it has the same amount of money, ten dollars, as it had in the beginning. However, all the time the six-dollar bond is deposited with the Treasury the bank collects interest on it.

Now this freshly made ten dollar bill will trickle through the banking system until it reaches a local commercial bank. To put it into the market place

it must be borrowed from the local bank by someone. It must be borrowed at interest with the rate varying from one to six per cent. Since the local bank may lend ten times as much as it has on deposit, this ten dollar bill may produce as much as one hundred dollars in check money. Last year only eighty dollars for each ten dollars in currency was borrowed into circulation.

At its source, this ten dollars in currency yields a low rate of interest on the six-dollar bond behind it. At the local commercial bank, let us say, it produces one hundred dollars in credit lent at five per cent interest. The true interest rate on ten dollars which is thus expanded into one hundred dollars at five per cent is ten times five per cent, or fifty per cent.

There are two methods for paying the interest on bank-issued money. Currency interest is paid by the Government. The Government collects taxes from its citizens and turns part of the tax money over to the Federal Reserve Bank in exchange for the coupons that are in back of these bank-issued bills.

The interest on credit money is paid by individuals. A home owner goes to a bank, gives it a mortgage on his home, and receives in return a bank book authorizing him to draw \$5,000 from this bank. Every month or quarter he must pay five or five and one-half per cent interest because he borrowed this \$5,000 into circulation.

Because bank-issued money can get into circulation originally only by the creation of a debt, and is dependent on the existence of the debt for its life, it is taken from circulation when loans are called in or debts paid off. The amount of money in the nation fluctuates from day to day and from year to year. In prosperous periods there is an abundance of money in the nation, and in depressions it contracts.

The following table compiled from data gathered by the Federal Reserve shows the manner in which the amount of money fluctuated in the nation from 1928 to 1937:

1928 .....	\$56,766,000,000
1929 .....	55,289,000,000
1930 .....	53,039,000,000
1931 .....	45,821,000,000
1932 .....	41,643,000,000
1933 .....	37,998,000,000
1934 .....	41,870,000,000
1935 .....	45,766,000,000
1936 .....	51,335,000,000
1937 .....	53,274,000,000

There was more money on deposit in the banks in 1928, the most prosperous *full* year we have ever known, than at any other time in our history. The smallest amount of money in recent years was on deposit in 1933, the worst year of the depression. Between 1928 and 1933 about one-third of the money in the nation was withdrawn from circulation. From 1933 to 1937, the best Roosevelt year, the amount of bank deposits increased by one-fourth. During the early part of 1938 the amount of money in circulation fell off considerably with the recession, but since the recent business revival the bank deposits have increased.

## MARXISTS MARCH ON

A MANIFESTO was issued during May by a column full of writers, artists and scholars. It called for the formation of a Committee for Cultural Freedom. It is a most interesting phenomenon, since it indicates the rumblings of discontent among the Leftists.

During the past dozen years, the variegated mental and emotional types who considered themselves liberals and intellectuals sought their haven in Marxism and Sovietism, as exemplified in the Stalin experiment. Those who were honest and sincere seekers became disillusioned about Soviet Russia and Purger Stalin. Still holding to Marxism, they sought the purer brand in the leadership of Trotsky who, not having power, could still be the theorist and could promise the paradise that Stalin failed to create. These wanderers out of Stalinism are the signers of the *Manifesto*. Added to them are others who have never adored at the shrine of Marx though they have gazed upon it respectfully.

The back-garden variety of liberals and intellectuals, however, are still imbedded in Stalinite Communism and the Russian Soviet. They take their leadership from the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, the sisters of the gruff *New Masses*. Whether or not they raise clenched fists, they lift their arms to grasp the Soviet star. Freda Kirchwey and Bruce Bliven, of the *Nation* and *New Republic*, respectively, hold tenaciously to Stalin and his crimes, and will not follow the more discriminating leadership of Dorothy Thompson, Suzanne LaFollette, John Dewey and the other separatists from the Communist Popular Front.

Though we disagree fundamentally with both the Stalinites and the Trotskyites, we find more in common with the signers of the *Manifesto* than we do with the creatures of the Communist Popular Front. We believe, however, that they can be more menacing precisely because they are more intelligent and more sincere.

The *Manifesto* calls for "an organization independent of control, whether open or secret, by any political group . . . to propagate courageously the ideal of untrammelled intellectual activity." The text, throughout, is freely sprinkled with such phrases as "cultural and creative freedom," "integrity of the writer," "intellectual and creative independence," "free culture," "independent artists," "to function independently of political, religious or racial dogmas." These phrases give the essence of the minds of the signers.

But these phrases take on a new significance when they are applied, so pointedly, to Soviet Russia. The signers state and imply that Russia is totalitarian, as is Germany and Italy, that Russians have been "victims of totalitarian dictatorships," that there is "intellectual servitude" in the Soviet, that Stalin's "strait-jacket" is no less uncomfortable than any other color or cut of strait-jacket. The liberals and intellectuals are on the march out of enslaved Sovietry.

# EDITORIAL

## WANDERING MINDS

THE INTELLECTUALS and libertarians, mentioned in the column to the left, are sincerely seeking something. They are, apparently, endeavoring to discover the ultimates, the finalities in human life and action. Most of them probably would deny the freedom of the human will, if that doctrine were posed to them philosophically and scientifically. Nevertheless, they aspire to the fullest degree of freedom from external pressure and influence. They hold to no dogma, save the dogma of their own personal infallibility. They sail on a boat that has not motive power, steering gear or hull.

## THE HAGUE DECISION

WHEN on June 5 the Supreme Court of the United States passed a verdict upholding the decree of the Third Circuit Court against the ordinances of Mayor Hague of Jersey City, it added another to a series of historic decisions vindicating the rights of persons under the Fourteenth Amendment. So complex are the issues touched upon that long study will be needed to appreciate the decision at its full value. It affirms the right of persons to assemble peacefully and discuss matters of public interest. It affirms their privilege to disseminate information in streets and public parks by distributing printed matter, leaflets, etc., so long as in this process good order is maintained. It condemns, in the words of Justice Roberts, "tortuous invasions of alleged civil rights by persons acting under color of State authority." It implies rights of religious assemblage.

The majority opinion, in which the Chief Justice concurs, is reached in two different ways, one by Justice Roberts, the other by Justice Stone, who stands upon a broader basis than does Justice Roberts in upholding the injunction. Nevertheless, the two opinions agree in the essential point that measures imposed for maintaining good order in parks and other places cannot, "under guise of regulation," legitimately attempt to suppress fundamental rights of citizens.

Organizations which brought the suit that led to the decision, the C.I.O. and the American Civil Liberties Union, rejoice over the Supreme Court's action as "a notable victory,"



## FIXED POINTS

THESE INTELLECTUALS can find peace, stability, certainty, satisfaction only in one haven, the Catholic Church. But the planks on which they base their freedom, unless miraculously guided, will never convey them to the Rock of Peter. They do not know the Catholic Church, except as a grim club loaded with dogmas. They fear it as a crucifier of intellectual and moral freedom. We invite them, all of them, from Adamic down to Woodward, to free their minds from their own strait-jackets, to seek their integrity in Catholicism. Its truth will give them their freedom.

## ON THE SUPREME COURT

and in a sense it is. But a study of the decision also reveals that it is not a victory for any organization or group as such. "As to the American Civil Liberties Union," says Justice Stone, "which is a corporation, it cannot be said to be deprived [by the city ordinances] of the civil rights of freedom and speech and of assembly, for the liberty guaranteed by the due process is the liberty of natural, not artificial persons."

The personal rights which this decision so powerfully vindicates may just as readily—under changing circumstances—be linked up with any other variety of group or corporative interests. As far as the *rights* are concerned, it was a mere accident that those challenged by Mayor Hague happened to be the rights of members of the C.I.O.

Those who believed that the Hague method was the only way to prevent "riots and disorders" from invading Jersey City's peaceful realms may fear that the Supreme Court has struck down the ramparts of protection for law and order. But they need have no such fear. The Court fully maintains the right and duty of the commonwealth to insist that these citizens' rights shall be exercised "for the general comfort and convenience, and in consonance with peace and order." Now that their rights have been affirmed, the best tribute that the members of the contesting organizations can pay to the Court's wisdom is to exercise those civic privileges with precisely that peace and moderation which the Court expects.

## A TRUSTWORTHY NATION

IF a nation's warrant of integrity is her fidelity to her pledges, then Spain is the nation in all Europe today whose friendship must be cultivated and maintained at all costs. Spain today is not the Spain of the past four or five decades; she is a new, resurgent Spain, and her spirit is revealed in her guiding genius, her national hero. Forceful yet simple, ambitious but only for the ideals of his country, energetic yet not overbearing, Francisco Franco typifies the country he represents. His pronouncements and promises to the world and to his people, made at intervals throughout the duration of the frightful civil strife, reveal the trustworthiness and integrity of his Government.

To the world, he pledged that not one foot of Spanish territory would be sacrificed to any foreign power, regardless of assistance given. Time and again he gave assurances that all Italian and German troops would be withdrawn immediately once the struggle had ended. Last week, exactly two months after the fall of Madrid, every foreign soldier had left Spanish soil.

To his people, he promised a speedy return to the pursuits of peace. On April 1, an army of 800,000 men stood at the gates of Madrid, calmly awaiting the command to attack. But Madrid surrendered and the war was ended. Almost by magic the vast army has dwindled away; weekly, an approximate 60,000 soldiers are being returned to their civilian status.

These men are not abandoned to their own resources, but every returning soldier is guaranteed a job with a living wage. Employers must re-employ their former workers in their previous occupations, if the latter so desire; and in hiring new help, preference is to be given to ex-soldiers. Failure to comply with these provisions of the labor laws on part of employers is met with severest penalties. For the thousands of jobless and those whose jobs have been swept away by reason of war, vast undertakings in the form of national construction projects—road-building, housing, reclamation work—are under way and absorbing the unemployed. Already the wage scale for workers throughout the country has increased an average of ten per cent, and minimum wages almost fifteen per cent. Naturally, the family wage is the desired objective, which is already in operation in a great number of business enterprises.

With increasing interest the world is following Spain's program of social and economic reconstruction. Based on a system of vertical syndicates, the new Spanish State differs radically from the Fascist type inasmuch as these corporations are not State organs but have individual personality, and function in conjunction and collaboration with the State for the promotion of national economy.

The greatest blow to Spain's recovery is the dissipation of her national wealth at the hands of looting traitors. Without means of international exchange, she must rely upon the barter of her agricultural and mineral resources for whatever she

must purchase abroad. Her financial security rests upon a balanced budget. With this in mind, her people are pledged to limit themselves to indispensable imports, to forego luxuries. Significant of the new Spain is the spirit of sacrifice. She has endured insufferable hardship and privation to procure peace. She stands pledged to endure yet more for the purpose of preserving peace.

## HITLER CAN POINT

PITIFUL indeed is the plight of the 907 Jewish refugees from Germany who have been wandering around the Atlantic on the Hamburg-American liner *St. Louis*, unable to land at any port. Little imagination is needed to picture their agony of mind when refused admission to Cuba.

The National Coordinating Committee of New York has been "working day and night continuously" for the rescue of these unfortunates, particularly in trying to raise the money for the \$453,000 bond required by the Cuban Government for their temporary maintenance.

The publicity given to their plight may help right a grievous wrong. But why, in a land of free speech and democracy, should some wrongs be publicized and others passed over in total silence? Surely the cause of *all* would profit if publicity were given to the wrongs of all.

With the entire press disturbed, in the solid South as in the "liberal" North, over the difficulties of refugees, why can no word be uttered concerning events that take place right within our own borders? Where is there any notice given to the lynching on May 8 of Joe Rodgers, a Negro lumber worker and a respected citizen of Canton, Mississippi?

According to the testimony of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Rodgers, a deacon in Canton's Mt. Zion Baptist Church, enjoying a blameless reputation, was tortured with hot iron, brutally cut, and his body thrown into the Pearl River by a foreman of a local lumber mill where he was employed. He had been notified by his foreman that he must live in mill quarters, and he refused the order. The company deducted from his weekly wages none the less the sum of \$5.50 for rent. Rodgers protested; torture and death followed. His lynching brought no arrests, no publicity in the local papers. Town officials issued an order advising local citizens to refrain from discussing the crime, despite the fact that Rodgers' body (like that of Saint John of Nepomuk) had been recovered from the river and given a decent burial. Even the local press has kept total silence on the incident.

The year 1939 has already seen four other lynchings, of three Negroes and a white man. When we cry out to Hitler about the refugees, Hitler can perfectly well point to over 5,000 lynchings, which our supposedly democratic State governments have shown themselves utterly incapable to cope with; can point to the silence of our local and national press, and humble us with unanswerable sarcasm.

## NIGH UNTO JESUS

AS we learn to know ourselves, our wonder grows that God loves us. That He does love us is the central theme of God's revelation to man. The story of Our Lord's life upon earth tells us in a more appealing manner the old story of revelation that God loves us with a love that is without bounds. He lived for us, teaching us, giving us the example in human form of infinite goodness, establishing for us His Church to guide and nourish the souls of men in this long day of pilgrimage, and then He died for us.

The motive of it all was love; an infinite love that in ways hidden from us can know our waywardness and ingratitude, and yet remain love; a love that pursues us, and clings to us, and will not let us go. Probably the only answer that we can fashion for the question, "Why does God love me?" is that God's love, unlike the tenderest love that can beat in a human heart, is an infinite love. But the real answer will remain a mystery, even when our little love of God has widened, and broadened, and deepened in the Beatific Vision. In that ecstasy we shall know much more about it, but even then we shall not know all.

When we turn from this speculation to the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xv, 1-10), we can sit at Our Lord's feet to hear Him tell two stories about God's love for us. As was their wont, the Scribes and the Pharisees had been "scandalized" because "the publicans and sinners drew nigh unto Jesus to hear him." Saint Luke seems to imply that that publicans and the sinners had fallen into a custom of frequenting Our Lord's company, and the same inference may be drawn from the words of the Pharisees: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." For once their accusation was perfectly true; Our Lord did receive sinners, for it was His mission to save them by love. Instead of answering the Pharisees directly, Our Lord tells the touchingly beautiful story of the shepherd who leaves the ninety-nine sheep that were safe in the sheepfold, to go out to seek the hundredth that was lost.

No less illustrative of God's love but woven, one might say, in a humbler pattern is His second story of the woman who on losing one of her ten groats, all but upset the house to find it, and on recovering it, called in the neighbors to rejoice with her. "So I say unto you, there shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance."

In moments of sorrow and discouragement, we can find consolation in the thought that Our Lord's love for us never falls away. Even when we turn from Him to seek forgetfulness in the desert of sin, His love follows us, eager to bring us back. But let us also note how Saint Luke observes that the sinners and the publicans "drew nigh unto Jesus to hear him." To turn away from Jesus in our dark moments only makes them darker; if we are sinners, we cannot afford to turn away from Him Who alone is our peace and our salvation. If He *sought* the sheep that was lost, can He reject any soul that seeks Him?



# CHRONICLE

---

---

---

THE ADMINISTRATION. Eight business leaders visited the White House, discussed the stagnant economic situation with the President. They sought to ascertain the Administration attitude concerning various steps toward business recovery. Amendments to the National Labor Relations Act were recommended by the group. They felt this Act, as now constituted, was retarding recovery. The President was represented as opposed to amending the Act at this time. . . . Vice President Garner will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States in the 1940 convention even if Mr. Roosevelt seeks the nomination, it was announced. . . . Secretary of the Interior Ickes, in a magazine article, urged a third-term for President Roosevelt, criticized Vice President Garner and other possible nominees. The entire Cabinet would support a third-term for Mr. Roosevelt, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace declared. . . . Claude G. Bowers, former Ambassador to Spain, was nominated by the President as Ambassador to Chile. Mr. Bowers, while representing the United States in Spain during the civil war, was strongly pro-Loyalist. . . . Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President, commenced work as a radio commentator, will broadcast three evenings a week.

AT HOME. Witnesses before the House Committee investigating relief declared the Workers Alliance is Communist-controlled. Charles Walton, a director of the Federal Theater Project, said the Alliance dominates the Project, which, he declared, is a "fence for Communism." Of the Project's administrative employees, ninety per cent were without previous theatrical training, most of them acquiring their jobs through Alliance influence, this witness asserted. . . . Charles H. White, Negro, a Federal Project writer and former Communist, said he was sent to Moscow accompanied by 100 other American Communists to learn street-fighting technique. In Moscow he was urged to devote time "to the armed forces of the United States," with the idea of securing their cooperation, Mr. White testified. Herbert Benjamin, secretary-treasurer of the Workers Alliance was in Moscow at the time, and was upbraided for inactivity, the witness said, adding that Benjamin upon his return staged a "hunger march" on Washington. Inability of the Communists to secure the Negro equal rights caused his resignation from the Communist party, Mr. White disclosed. . . . Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt addressed the Workers Alliance national convention in Washington. . . . President Roosevelt nominated Archibald MacLeish to be Librarian of Congress. Congressman Thomas described MacLeish as "one of the leading fellow-travelers of the Communist party today." Continued Mr. Thomas:

"A few days ago another fellow-traveler of the Communist party," Robert Morss Lovett, "was appointed to a secretarial post in the Virgin Islands."

AT HOME. A large testimonial dinner commemorated the sixtieth year Monsignor Michael Lavelle, Vicar General, has served without interruption at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. . . . At Coopers-town, N. Y., one hundred years ago Abner Doubleday, later a general in the Civil War, started the game of baseball on its career. The centennial celebration drew celebrities from all over the nation. . . . Polish Ambassador to the United States, Count Jerzy Potocki, declared Poland will not permit Soviet troops to transit her territory. "Choosing between Germany and Russia is the same as choosing between measles and smallpox," he said. . . . Judge Martin Manton, senior judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals was convicted of corrupt practices on the bench.

WASHINGTON. On June 7, a blue and silver train carrying Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth, nosed out of Canada into the United States, the event marking the first time ruling British sovereigns have set foot on the soil of the United States. Secretary Hull and Mrs. Hull, the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, and an official party met King George and his Queen at the border, accompanied them to Washington. The thirty-six-hour visit of the royal pair to Washington included a night at the White House, a reception by the members of the Senate and House in the Capitol rotunda, a visit to the tomb of George Washington. On June 10, their Majesties inspected New York's World Fair, spent some time with the Roosevelts at Hyde Park, entrained for Canada. Everywhere crowds lined the route, cordially cheered the British rulers. . . . Puerto Rico memorialized Congress asking for Statehood. Pending Congressional action on this request, it asked for power to elect its Governor, beginning next year. . . . The Supreme Court handed down important decisions. The proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution was submitted to the States fifteen years ago. It is still subject to ratification by the States, the Court ruled. Kansas rejected it, later approved it. This was legal, decreed the Court, which put the time limit for ratification up to Congress. . . . Ordinances of Jersey City for the regulation of public meetings and distribution of literature violated Constitutional guarantees of free speech and free assembly, the high Court decided. . . . In a case involving the New York and Boston areas, the Supreme Court upheld Congressional authority to regulate the marketing of milk in

these areas and, with certain limitations, Congressional power to delegate that authority to the Secretary of Agriculture.

— — —

THE CONGRESS. The Administration proposal for a library at Hyde Park to hold President Roosevelt's papers was blocked in the House by Republicans. The latter asserted the data should be housed in Washington with other Government records. . . . After being bottled up for two months, a House bill to extend until June 30, 1941, the President's power to devalue the dollar and the gold stabilization fund was approved by a Senate subcommittee, handed to the full Senate Banking and Currency committee. . . . The Neely Bill to forbid block booking and blind selling of moving pictures was favorably reported by the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. The Committee report declared eight large motion-picture companies have a monopoly of the industry. . . . The bill, already passed by the House, to eliminate the \$30,000,000,000 limit on bonds which may be issued by the Federal Treasury was approved by the Senate. . . . By a vote of 302 to 97, the House rejected the Townsend old-age pension plan. . . . A House-approved measure sent to the President sets up the position of Under Secretary of Commerce. . . . As of May 31, the public debt stood at \$40,281,807,682. In 1932, it was a little less than \$21,000,000,000.

— — —

GERMANY. The Reich signed non-aggression pacts with Estonia and Latvia. A Reich-Yugoslav trade agreement was also completed. . . . Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia, visited Berlin, was accorded a lavish welcome. At a State dinner in honor of the Prince, Chancellor Hitler in an exchange of toasts guaranteed Yugoslav borders, declaring that the Reich and Yugoslavia had "common frontiers established for all time." . . . A widespread passive resistance to German rule was reported to exist among the Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia. . . . Britain and France desired to encircle Germany before the World War; their aim is the same now, Chancellor Hitler told a huge rally of veterans. Defying both nations, the Chancellor declared: "German defense measures have now radically changed." . . . The Condor Legion, returned from Spain, paraded before Herr Hitler. Welcoming them home the Fuehrer said that Generalissimo Franco "was facing a conspiracy that was fed from all parts of the world. In July, 1936, I decided immediately to fulfill an appeal for help that this man addressed to me." . . . Chancellor Hitler branded England as a "colony robber." . . . Bishop Clement von Galen, of Muenster, protesting the closing of Catholic schools, declared that children are not now receiving sufficient Christian truths to "make these truths the fundamental rule of life."

— — —

GREAT BRITAIN. The London Government announced it would send William Strang of the Foreign Office to Moscow, in another effort to form an

Anglo-Soviet military alliance. . . . The British submarine *Thetis* on a practice dive in Liverpool Bay met with some unexplained accident. Its nose sunk in the mud, its stern protruded eighteen feet above the water. The British Navy has no diving bell similar to that which rescued American sailors from the sunken *Squalus*. Admiralty efforts to save the men on the ship failed. The stern, hit by the tide, slipped beneath the waves. Ninety-nine air-starved men met their death in the steel-plated tomb. Four, equipped with the Davis lungs, shot up from the ship's escape hatch, and were saved. It was believed this hatch became blocked, preventing escape for the others. . . . Estonian Minister, Augustus Schmidt, told Secretary Halifax that Estonia, Latvia and Finland reject an Anglo-Soviet guarantee because they fear Soviet penetration and do not want to offend Germany. . . . While the Duchess of Kent was leaving her house, an Australian fired a shot in the general direction of her car. . . . Fighting in Palestine continued. One bomb killed five Arabs. The bomb outrages were attributed to Jewish Revisionists. Three Jewish policemen were killed. . . . British Guiana possesses possibilities as a place for settling Jewish refugees, a report by seven British commissioners declared.

— — —

FOOTNOTES. Addressing the Cardinals on the occasion of his name day, Pope Pius declared that the Church would never mix unrequested in territorial disputes between States but would also never cease to emphasize her mission for peace. He said he had received "assurances of good-will and of a determination to maintain peace" from Governments. . . . Nine troop ships completed the withdrawal of Italian troops from Spain. The former Loyalist Ambassador to France, Luis Araquistain, continued his revelations concerning Soviet domination of the Loyalist Government. Releasing facsimiles of Stalin letters to Spain, he said Russia ran the war from the Loyalist side. . . . Forced removal of families from Central Russia to the Volga and Far East marked a new Soviet attempt to redistribute the agricultural population. A population of 170,467,186 was claimed by the new Soviet census. It showed a gain of 23,500,000 over the 1926 census, or a rise of 15.9 per cent. . . . Major fighting between Chinese and Japanese forces was renewed in Western Shansi. The Chinese Government ordered death for poppy growers. . . . In France, General Marie Gustave Gamelin was named supreme commander of all French defense units. Unified under his command are land, sea and air forces. . . . Italy's army returning from Spain received a tumultuous welcome in Naples. An Italian Army and Navy publication declared Italy sent 100,000 men to Spain. . . . Rumania staged an election under King Carol's 1938 Constitution. Only one party is allowed, the National Renaissance. . . . 1900 Spanish Loyalists passed Puerto Rico on their way to Mexico. . . . Foreign Minister Eljas Erkko declared Finland would consider as an enemy any country sending troops to Finnish territory on the pretext of providing her with protection.



# CORRESPONDENCE

---

## MISINTERPRETED

EDITOR: I feel that the dictum of our late Holy Father, Pius XI, that Catholics cannot take part in anti-Semitism, calls for a definition of just what does and what does not constitute anti-Semitism. There is much, too much, nonsense being talked about the Jewish problem on both sides.

The Catholic stand against racism and persecution of Jews is being misinterpreted by Communists and others as Catholic endorsement of liberalism (miscalled "democracy"). This liberal or progressive philosophy is anti-national and anti-Christian, a very important ingredient being what I can only define as dogmatic agnosticism. In the field of religion, liberalism expresses itself as modernism, in which guise it has played havoc with most of the Protestant denominations. I am distinctly under the impression that this kind of liberalism has been condemned as an error by not so recent Popes.

New York, N. Y.

J. H. B. HOFFMANN

## WAR REFERENDUM

EDITOR: Daniel O'Connell, S.J., in his letter (May 20) wrote that the submission of the *election* of Senators to the people was democratic in the sense that I had used it in my letter on the Ludlow amendment. This is obviously false as is shown by the use of the word *election*.

Space does not permit my commenting on all of Father O'Connell's arguments, and so I will restrict myself to one point. Father O'Connell attacks the wisdom, nay, the integrity of Congress in declaring wars in the past, and therefore concludes that the people can do much better than the men that the people elected. In all respect, I ask Father O'Connell if the men he attacks were not elected by the same people he proposes to allow to have a hand in the foreign military policy of the United States? If the Representatives are not able to carry on the work of government, does this not indicate that the people have failed to vote into office the men who are best suited for these positions? And if Congress is such a blight on the reputation of the country, who is to blame? To whom do these wretches owe their seats? Who voted for the war-mongers? Father O'Connell's logic seems to be this: The people have failed to decide correctly in the past; therefore let us give them broader fields on which to roam and see what will happen. Too much I am afraid.

One of the oft-used replies to this argument is that the voters have been hampered in their choice by politics. Then, according to Ludlowites, representative government has failed. I admit that there is a great deal of playing politics connected with every Congressional election, but deny that it is serious enough to warrant abolishing the system.

Father O'Connell denounces the *men* in the system and not the *system* itself because of any vice inherent in the thing. The remedy seems to lie in the people taking the elections more seriously, and thereby putting the right men into office rather than in altering an admittedly good system.

Summing up: Father O'Connell seems to hold that the representative form of government is efficient for routine matters (or else why not submit every important measure to a popular referendum?) but is incompetent to cope with serious affairs which must be decided on by the people.

New Orleans, La.

CLARENCE M. EAST, JR.

EDITOR: As the people, without any reflection on Congress, retain in their hands the fundamental authority of amending the Constitution, so followers of a Ludlow resolution would reserve to the people the supreme right of declaring a war to be fought on foreign territory. That power, they declare, is so fateful that the people alone should ultimately decide on its use.

New York, N. Y. DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

## PERPLEXED

EDITOR: Can anyone explain away my perplexity? We have an index of forbidden books to safeguard Catholic morals, but there is no ban or even spoken censure from our pastors on our secular newspapers which twice daily affront our eyes with detailed accounts of rape, seduction, murder, Hollywood escapades and marital infidelity.

Hard to explain Catholic infidelities, lukewarmness, and a growing paganized viewpoint? Not at all!

A ten-minute sermon on Sunday is a mighty poor antidote for this twice-daily, poisonous news diet to which our people are subjected. The sheep are helpless unless the shepherds take steps to defend them against this very real menace.

Chicago, Ill.

J. E. M.

## ART

EDITOR: There are a few statements in the article, *Active Leadership in American Catholic Culture* (AMERICA, May 6), by John E. Reardon, with which I find it difficult to agree. The author bemoans the teaching in Catholic schools of "an English literature that gives off the odor, now of pious liberalism and neutrality, now of negation and revolt, now of German and New England Pantheism and Transcendentalism of the nineteenth century, now of human self-sufficiency and Pelagianism, now of sex and materialism, now of a glorified nationalism and imperialism, now of health and success and power as the final ends of human living." I

must admire the catalog, but not the conclusion. For in the very next paragraph the author reminds us that literature, after all, is an art.

Now the most rudimentary philosophy of art tells us this one thing: the proper object of art is beauty, and art falls from that beauty inasmuch as it contains in itself anything which is the source of disorder, moral, intellectual or sensible. If it is true that English writings can be stigmatized by the above formidable array of accusations, then the teacher indeed has no business teaching it, for it is not art, consequently, not literature. But if such notes can be found in the literature as partial predicates, it does not follow that a blanket condemnation of the whole is justified by the fault of some part. That is, if the beauty of the literature as a whole is such as to insure its artistic qualities, that beauty cannot be condemned because of some partial fault.

It is the work of the intelligent Catholic teacher of literature, as of every intelligent critic, to point out the beautiful and the ugly, so that those taught may learn from both. M. Cazamian has very well stated that it is the *opus* of the critic to enter as much as possible into the creative act of the artist, and thus to develop in himself and others the cultural seed latent in every great work.

The author further avers that literature is an art, and as such appeals to the will through the emotions. I might state that Maritain, J. Livingston Lowes, Ker, DeSélincourt and many other eminent art philosophers and critics say that art is nothing if it be not formed and informed by the ordering power of the intellect. And from experience I might add that it takes a pronounced intellectual effort to see through the surface of, we shall say, a novel to the deeper realities, moral and esthetic, which underlie the externalization of the art. If Catholic educators and critics would realize that real art is just as truly based on human nature as is the moral code, and that a sympathetic, an intelligent understanding of the literary art of our own English-speaking tradition is possible, and completely compatible with an unbending fidelity to the most intimately beautiful truths of our Faith, perhaps the road to a truly Christian culture in America would already be pointed out, if not fairly well traversed.

Spokane, Wash. THOMAS L. O'BRIEN, S.J.

## MARQUETTE LEAGUE

EDITOR: It has been our custom for several years back to appeal to the readers of AMERICA for funds for one of our needy Indian Missions of the far west. This year we have chosen St. Thomas' Mission which is located on Fort Yuma Reservation in Arizona.

Father Felix, a Franciscan Padre, who is in charge of this Mission, is appealing for funds to erect a building to be used as the center of activities for his Indian children. His appeal touched me as we of the League are spending a great deal of our efforts at the present time to help our Indian Missionaries in the education of youth. Catholic

youth movement is an essential factor not only in our parishes at home but more especially on our Mission Field. We realize that the Indian boys and girls of today will be the leaders of their people tomorrow and for that reason we are endeavoring to keep them close to the Missions through these recreational centers which are personally supervised by the Missionaries.

I feel assured that the many friends of the Missions of Holy Mother the Church who will read this letter will like to do something substantial to preserve the Faith among our Indian children.

New York, N. Y.

BERNARD A. CULLEN  
Director General

## CONSTANT READER

EDITOR: Your correspondent, Charles D. Terry, wants to know "how many of those who were initial subscribers for AMERICA are still subscribers." I do not know. But I do know that I am one and that since the first copy was sent me to invite subscription, I have not missed reading a copy. It was not an easy job for a traveler and for a man chained to a sickbed for months and for one who had ten irons in the fire and had to keep them hot. AMERICA interested me more than the irons and the return of health. Perhaps others have done likewise. Who are they?

Monsignor Peter Guilday says he feels like framing the *Editorial Credo*, it pleased him so much. I actually framed it right away in a forthcoming book on General Sociology. I hope that it will there be a knockout, like the last issue of AMERICA, and that it will be, as the Monsignor says, "a Godsend to distracted minds."

Philadelphia, Pa. PHILIP H. BURKETT, S.J.

## STATESMEN

EDITOR: In reading the article, *Uneasy England Holds to the Chamberlain Policies* (AMERICA, May 27), it seems to me that the British statesmen are trying to find excuses for the black betrayal of Czecho-Slovakia. The fruits of that action are now apparent in Hitler's other unjust aggressions.

It would be but just if Kevin Hayes would specify the jobbery and perjury of Czecho-Slovakia. He can find enough rottenness in shop windows in London, Rome and even in our country that should turn his moral stomach.

It is futile to belittle Dr. Benes, who proved to be a remarkable statesman under the great stress. His popularity is known wherever he appears to speak in the United States. Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement of Hitler is universally condemned in this country. Many an ecclesiastic who applauded Hitler for his victories, now bewails the sad result for the Catholic Church. When Dr. Benes, through the pressure of France, made a defensive alliance with Russia, it was all wrong; but now when Poland, France and England do the same, it is all right. However, any alliance with Russia will bring no benefit to any country.

Pilsen, Kans.

(REV.) JOHN M. SKLENAR



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

---

## OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND FAITH IN GOD

KENAN CAREY

---

I ALWAYS like to see the reasons men give for not believing in God. Invariably they prove that the unbeliever, atheist or agnostic, is a sentimentalist who is ruled by imagination and feeling rather than by reason. Mr. Somerset Maugham, as a professed agnostic, gives a beautiful demonstration of the truth of this statement in his autobiographical book *The Summing Up*. In fact Mr. Maugham's lucid honesty of thought and expression makes the book invaluable for those who would like to see for themselves just how an intelligent man does lose faith in God through sentiment rather than reason.

Now the salient difference between the reasoner and the sentimentalist is that the former can reason to and stick to an idea, while the latter always wants to deal with sense images. Thus, the reasoner is satisfied to get an idea of God as an all-perfect First Cause, reasoning that since there must be a cause for everything, and an endless series of causes is ridiculous, we *must* posit a First Cause containing within itself the cause of everything, and therefore all-perfect. And he never allows anything to sway his reason away from that idea of God as an all-perfect Being.

The sentimentalist, however, wants to get a sensory picture of God, even if it means putting a beard on Him. He lets his imagination and feelings build up an anthropomorphic caricature of God. And then, dissatisfied with such a God, he "loses his faith."

Mr. Maugham laments that "although my heart, having found rest nowhere, had some deep ancestral craving for God and immortality, my mind would have no truck with it." But his book proves his mind had nothing to do with his loss of faith.

The first experience of Mr. Maugham with "God" will show immediately what I mean.

He tells us that as an impressionable boy he lived with an uncle who was a clergyman of the High Church of England. From this uncle who, he confesses, was stupid and lazy and selfish, young Maugham got his first caricature of God as a Being Who would make all those outside the Church of England "frizzle in hell." This God young Maugham believed in, sincerely. But later on, when he went

to Bavaria and met Catholics and saw how they loved their Faith, it seemed to him preposterous that God should condemn them eternally to hell just because they happened to be born Catholics in Bavaria instead of members of the High Church in England. With a God so unjust young Maugham could have no truck. And so he lost his faith for the first time.

Mr. Maugham's second loss of faith, however, is worthy of study because it introduces the sentimentalist's stock argument against the existence of an all-perfect God. The argument is based on the existence of evil and suffering in the world, and it is this. If God were all-powerful, He could prevent evil. If He were all-good, He would prevent it. In any case, since He does not prevent evil, He cannot be all-powerful and all-good. So the idea of an all-perfect God is false.

Let us see how Mr. Maugham was overcome by this argument.

As a young doctor, he saw a great deal of suffering. He saw humanity in its worst moments. He did not often see what led up to the suffering nor what might result from it. He was overwhelmed by the amount of evil apparent in the world, and he wrote:

There is a school of writers who have enlarged on the moral value of suffering. . . . I set down in my note-books, not once or twice, but in a dozen places, the facts as I had seen them. I knew that suffering did not ennoble; it degraded. It made men selfish, mean, petty, and suspicious. It absorbed them in small things. It did not make them more than men; it made them less than men; and I wrote ferociously that we learn resignation not by our own suffering, but by the suffering of others.

Then, considering the problem of evil with relation to God, he writes:

The evil problem presses when one comes to consider if God exists, and if He does, what nature must be ascribed to Him. From a contemplation of the universe I seemed inevitably drawn to the conception of a Creator, and what could create this vast, this stupendous universe but an all-powerful Creator? But the evil of the world forces upon us the conclusion that this Being cannot be all-powerful and all-good. A God Who is all-powerful may be justly blamed for the evil of the world, and it seems

absurd to consider Him with admiration or accord Him worship. But mind and heart revolt against the conception of a God Who is not all-good. We are forced then to accept the supposition of a God Who is not all-powerful; such a God contains within Himself no explanation of His own existence or of that of the universe He creates.

So again Mr. Maugham lost faith in "God."

Mr. Maugham, we observe, is puzzled because he thinks that an all-powerful God should be able to make a finite world without evil in it. But the very idea of a finite world without any evil in it involves a contradiction. Evil is simply a lack of some good. And only in God Himself can there be no lack of goodness. Consequently a finite world by its very nature must have some lack of perfection; must have some evil in it. And so must every finite thing in that world, according to its particular nature. So that even an all-powerful God should not be asked to make a finite world without evil in it. As Berdyaev remarks: "If the world were wholly good . . . the world itself would be God."

Of course, a God Who is all-powerful and all-good should be able to make even the evil that is natural to finite things serve His eternal purposes. Mr. Maugham, with his feelings outraged by the sight of too much evil and suffering all at once, does not see how God is doing this, and loses faith in Him.

But though Mr. Maugham lost his faith this second time, his mind would still give him no rest. It still argued that "without God there is no meaning or purpose to life." It still told him that taking away God did not lessen the amount of suffering in the world, but simply took away every alleviation and all the purpose that God gives to suffering. So Mr. Maugham tells us that he started to read philosophy with the hope that here he might find the answer to the riddle of man's existence:

The first subject that attracted my attention was religion. For it seemed to me of the greatest importance to decide whether this world I live in was the only one I had to reckon with or whether I must look upon it as no more than a place of trial which was to prepare me for a life to come. I wanted to know whether life had any meaning or whether it was I that must strive to give it one. . . . I was looking for a system of philosophy in which one part hung necessarily on another so that nothing could be altered without the whole fabric falling to pieces.

Unfortunately, Mr. Maugham did not seem to realize that no matter how nicely the parts of a philosophic system may hang together, the whole must be founded on a solid foundation; and the only solid foundation is an all-perfect First Cause. If a philosopher builds on that solid rock of reasoning, even if he makes mistakes in his building, he can always get back to the foundation and begin anew. But when a so-called philosopher attempts to build without that foundation, he can build only air-castles, as Mr. Maugham found to his chagrin, after reading Schopenhauer and Bergson, Russell and Hegel, Kant and Hume, Bradley and Berkeley, and many others of the kind. Not one of them is a philosopher in the true sense of the word, because not one of them reasons back to an all-perfect First Cause and builds upon that foundation. All of them

are sentimentalists, like Mr. Maugham himself, who picture a God of their own imagining and get only a monstrosity. And it is remarkable that Mr. Maugham reaches this very conclusion, himself. For he writes: "In modern philosophers there is not much agreement. They believe *not through their reason, but through their temperaments.*"

Thereupon, apparently without going to the Scholastic School of Philosophy, which not only hangs together in all its parts, but which stands upon the solid foundation of a reasoned First Cause, he decides:

there is no universal truth or belief that all can believe in. I made up my mind to write my own philosophy. . . . But I ended up with a few notes. I am like a tramp rigged up with a coat here, and a pair of pants there; mostly shreds and patches.

With such a philosophy it is not strange that Mr. Maugham built up for himself a God Who was only a "king of shreds and patches." What is strange is the fact that atheists and agnostics, even after they have "done away with God," insist on picturing Him to themselves. Thus, that best-selling "philosopher" of today, Mr. Lin Yutang, after laughing off God in his *The Importance of Living*, writes rather wistfully: "If God loves me only half as much as my mother does, He will not send me to hell." And Mr. Maugham, after losing all faith in God, insists on giving us a picture of Him. Take a look at it, and you will understand how Mr. Maugham could have no truck with it. He writes:

I cannot believe in a God who is less tolerant than I. I cannot believe in a God who has neither humor nor common sense. Plutarch puts the matter succinctly: I would rather have men say of me that there never was a Plutarch, nor is now, than to say that Plutarch is a man inconstant, fickle, easily moved to anger, revengeful for trifling provocations and vexed at small things.

Evidently, Mr. Maugham finally built up for himself a sorrier scarecrow of God than even his uncle had given him. But that his caricature has any relation whatsoever to a reasoned all-perfect God is patently absurd.

So it is not surprising that in the end Mr. Maugham would have no truck with "God"; nor that, losing faith in God, he should lose belief in a hereafter; from which it is easy for him to argue against the freedom of man's will, and for his right to commit suicide.

Here at last Mr. Maugham is reasoning quite logically. For, if there is no First Cause, there is *no reason* for anything. Without God, the summing up of any life or all life is just—nothing.

Yet, withal, I believe that Mr. Maugham has not written his last summing up. Any man who writes as humbly and as honestly as he writes in this autobiography of his soul cannot be done with God, even though God be temporarily obscured by some imagined caricature of Himself. A man who admits over and over again his ignorance, his mistakes, his follies, and his sins; who writes so honestly that we can see at once where he goes wrong; who states his own convictions without ridiculing those of others—such a man is too likable for God to be done with him.



# BOOKS

## THE MYSTERY OF A BRONZE HEAD

ORESTES A. BROWNSON. By Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

TWO years ago a bronze head, knocked off a pedestal by a group of playful boys and found rolling down Riverside Drive, New York, started zealous reporters searching for someone who knew something about the name "Brownson" on the monument. Only after a hectic day of interviews and research—a sad commentary on American Catholic scholarship—was the search concluded with the knowledge that the original head belonged to Orestes A. Brownson, 1803-1876, philosopher, controversialist and convert to Catholicism. The bronze head brought Brownson back to public attention; Mr. Schlesinger's biography will keep him there.

For Brownson's career was as violent, as astonishing, as unpredictable to the people of his day as his rolling likeness to Riverside Drive residents. At an early age he renounced Presbyterianism for ordination as a Universalist minister. His unorthodox preaching and rebel theology jarred his congregation. Rejected, he fell into agnosticism, rose to announce himself an independent minister. He dabbled in politics, sifted and discarded Transcendentalism, edited controversial reviews, and attempted to reform Unitarianism. He shocked staid Boston with his avowed purpose of making religion an ally of the laboring classes and with his untiring quest for the Church of the Future, which his logical mind and passionate love of truth led him to find in the Church of the Past and the Church of the Present—the Catholic Church.

This book is not a biography of the man Brownson. It is rather the history of an intellectual development, the biography of a mind in its lonely search for truth. Practically devoid of comment, of easy humor, of charm, it is, as was Brownson himself, swift, eager and rugged. The author prefers to let Brownson speak from his own formal essays, but occasionally the reader catches a fleeting glimpse of the man behind the pen, enthusiastic, worshipping logic and honesty, irascible, puzzled, lonely. In the author's annotated exposition of Brownson's doctrinal viewpoint several minor faults occur. The development is sketchy, and usually only one side of Brownson's many controversies is given. Too much reverence is paid, unwittingly I think, to the epistemological system of Hegel and Marx. But the book not only fills a gap in the history of prominent American Catholics but will go a long way toward accomplishing what the mystery of the bronze head started, making Brownson a part of our national heritage.

PAUL L. O'CONNOR

## INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM

LOOKING ON JESUS. By Paul L. Blakely, S.J. The America Press. \$1

HERE we have fifty-eight reflections on the Gospels read in the Sunday Masses and in the Masses of Christmas Day, the Circumcision and the Epiphany. They are two-page reflections and are arranged in order from the first Sunday in Advent to the last Sunday after Pentecost. Preachers, teachers and meditators everywhere could not find a better book for expounding the wealth of thought and comfort and joy and guidance contained

in the familiar Gospels read to us throughout the year. "Infinite riches in a little room" for the price of one dollar; for no one, indeed, can afford to overlook how marvelously Father Blakely has confined himself to great thought in a few words.

So many spiritual writers keep on at a point they are making until they have exhausted their reflections out of focus; exhausted the reader; exhausted the language. And who wants to know how long the beards of the Apostles were, how many gills in a Palestinian jug, how many what-kind-of bottles of what-kind-of wine can be bought for a groat! Father Blakely will have none of such complications, but lets the Beautiful Light of Our Lord shine sharply by reflection in such a clear, splendid and brief style that we hardly know there is a style at all.

Nor does he speak to us from a height of his own making, but definitely as sinner to sinners, as lover to lovers. He reminds us how these Gospels offer us the only solution for all the practical evils of this very day: evils of war, of rulers, of politics, of professions, of families, of hearts. He gives us many touches of swift humor, of swift poignancy. Let the learned, he says, see what they will in the Wedding Feast at Cana; we accept what they say and are grateful. "But perhaps we who are very simple folk can content ourselves, as we listen to the piping at the feast, with very simple thoughts. How good Our Lord is! How sweet and motherly Our Lady! How can we doubt that He will take care of us? How can we fail to love her and cherish her who is our heavenly Mother?"

One would wish that Father Blakely could keep looking on Jesus alone; for he reminds us so sweetly how Jesus is ever looking on us.

THOMAS BUTLER

## MEMOIRS OF BISHOP KELLEY

THE BISHOP JOTS IT DOWN. By Francis Clement Kelley. Harper and Bros. \$3

READERS of AMERICA have been favored by the advance publication of one of this interesting book's thirty chapters. Anticipations thus whetted will not be disappointed. The Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa presents us to Popes and Presidents, Cardinals and statesmen, educators and writers, the man in the street. We see the Prince Edward Island of 1875, Cuba of the Spanish-American War, obscure places enjeweled with chapels of the Church Extension Society, Mexico particularly of the post-Diaz period, Paris of the Versailles treaty, Rome of the beginnings of Vatican City. In 317 pages there is not a dull line to be found.

That is all to the reader's good, but a reviewer must heed to some particulars. 1898 saw Father Kelley volunteer and, with his Ordinary's blessing, become a chaplain in the war. Of it he solemnly declares: "Newspapers made our war with Spain." Of one of its major scandals, recently recalled to the public mind, he writes: "It was not canned embalmed beef that bothered us but tainted fresh beef. No one was needed to tell me that. I ate it." The same war produced our, perhaps, most colorful President: "... not a great military commander, but he had the 'something' in him that wins ... (and which) has a bad habit of abandoning its favorites. It abandoned a real personage and a great man when it left Theodore Roosevelt."

To the characteristic apostolate of his priestly life, the Church Extension Society, Bishop Kelley devotes

four chapters, telling of "The Dream," "The Inevitable Crucible," followed by "The Northern Lights" and "On Wheels." Fortunately for the Church in rural America, faith in Providence's sweet dispositions of men and money did not "abandon this real personage and great man" of modern missionary methods. (How Saint Paul would have longed for them!) The present reviewer exercising his privilege dares declare that this Society is Bishop Kelley's monument more enduring than brass.

The sad story he told us of Mexico in *Blood Drenched Altars* is summed up in the present volume through character sketches of that country's noble hierarchy, particularly in exile. By contrast, President Wilson and Secretary Bryan do not add to their historic size nor to American-Mexican diplomacy. Bishop Kelley narrates with pleasing contrast the generosity of American Catholics in the erection of the Mexican seminary on our soil, and his own efforts in the slight appeasement of the Church's persecution by Mexican officials. Incidentally and very much to the point today, one reason why we do not have a larger Latin-American trade is jotted down by Bishop Kelley: "Ignorance is an addition to commercial sample-cases that has been costly to the seller."

The biographer was present at certain of the Versailles hearings. Had his counsel, following that of the Supreme Bishop of Christendom, been followed by the then "aggressors," that treaty would not have sowed the seeds of our present international unrest. Of Woodrow Wilson at that time, Bishop Kelley writes: "One of the saddest spectacles the world ever saw was that of a tongue-tied President trying in Paris to divide a world according to the affinities of the colors on the map." The author's European sympathies are many. As everyone else who visits Italy, he is enamored of her and her charming people. He had seen her in the post-War period bankrupt and exposed to Bolshevism. Then came Mussolini to Rome and "made Italy over by a national receivership."

Germany, Austria, Ireland, all profited from Monsignor Kelley's advice and material ministrations. The "jottings down" have such a range that in the concluding words of Charles Willis Thompson's review of this book (and may there be a Vol. II): "All I can do is to give the idea of a sumptuous feast with an endless menu of infinite varieties, all rich."

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

*YOKE OF STARS.* By Frances Frost. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. \$2.50

TO her readers, Frances Frost is best known as a remarkably good poet. In this, her second novel, we must admit that she is still a good poet but not so good a novelist. *Yoke of Stars* tells the story of one Judith York, taking her through seven phases of life—from a child of seven years to a grandmother of forty-nine. The author has made of her chief character a composer of music, and one is forced to wonder whether this was a wise decision. If Judith York is not busy on a symphony, it is a concerto for violin or a song, and Miss Frost's knowledge of the ways and manners of composing music is not convincing. The best part of the book is part one of the first section in which the author does her most appealing bit of writing.

As is customary in modern fiction, the problem of divorce receives tacit approval from the author. At the age of twenty-one Judy married Nicholas O'Neil who turned out to be a brute and good-for-nothing. The eventual happy ending, prepared for by 325 pages of Life's Little Tragedies, is the re-marriage of Judy at the age of forty-two to the man of her choice. It is a pity that the religious element should be totally ignored by Miss Frost in telling the story of a girl whose mother is implied to be a Catholic and who married a man named O'Neil. The best bit of propaganda put across by *Yoke of Stars* is Judy's determination to bring up her children as she herself was not brought up—intelligently, sympathetically, and with deference to the virtue of justice.

MARY FABYAN WINDRATT

## A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE

COVERING, as it does, the entire course of catechetics, the Rev. Rudolph G. Bandas' *Religion Teaching and Practice* (Wagner, \$1.50) is a practical handbook in every way. Particularly valuable are the copious references to the Encyclicals. Religion teachers will also find a most useful aid in *The Catechetical Instructions of St. Thomas Aquinas* (Wagner, \$2.25). The translator is the Rev. Joseph B. Collins, S.S., and Father Bandas contributes an Introduction. In clear language the instructions cover the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Seven Sacraments, Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary. Father Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., is the responsible editor for *The Old Testament: The First Book of Psalms* (Longmans, 5s 6d). This volume contains Psalms 1-41 in the Westminster version of the Bible; the editor's contribution consists of a new translation with critical notes and commentary.

Jay William Hudson in *The Old Faiths Perish* (Appleton-Century, \$2) contends that although there is a real conflict between religion and science, it should not follow that science will destroy religion. Vladimir Solovyev, sometimes called the Newman of Russia, is presented in *God, Man and the Church* (Bruce, \$2.50) which has been translated into English by Donald Attwater. The book, written by Solovyev before his conversion, is the writer's exposition of the soul's discovery of prayer, penetrated with the deep mysticism which is characteristic of the Russian religious mind.

Saint Vincent de Paul probably never studied social justice as an exact science, but he is shown putting it into action by Leo Weismantel in *The Mantle of Mercy* (Bruce, \$2). The translation is by Albert Paul Schimberg. Not so happy is Ludwig Marcuse in his *Soldier of the Church: The Life of Ignatius Loyola* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50). Christopher Lazare is the translator. Both in his historical interpretation and his references to the Catholic Church, the author is off the track. He might have done better in a more secular subject.

In *The Life and Work of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan, U. S. N.*, by Captain W. D. Puleston, U. S. N., (Yale, \$4), there is an attempt to show the influence that shaped Mahan, and Mahan's own influence upon history. This last is not infallibly established, for Mahan was rather the product of his times than their shaper. *Melville in the South Seas* by Charles Roberts Anderson (Columbia, \$4.50), belongs as much to history as to biography. Professor Anderson has gathered from hitherto unused sources all that is known of Herman Melville's life in the South Seas. *Born to Trouble* by Captain Patrick A. Meade (Putnam, \$3) is the autobiography of an Irish adventurer. There is much wit in it and not a little shrewdness. But some of the places mentioned hardly figure in our preferred list.

A word of high praise is due to Sister Mary Clare Goodwin, C.S.A., for her *Papal Conflict With Josephinism* (Fordham, \$2), which deals intimately with the reign of the Emperor Joseph II. The failures of his efforts in the ecclesiastical sphere are well and truly stated. There are frequent quotations from state documents, and a summary of the primary sources of the period. Sir Flinders Petrie needs no introduction to archaeologists, and his *The Making of Egypt* (Macmillan, \$3.75) is essentially a student's book, giving the main features of Egyptian history from the Stone Age until the Romans. *Out of Revolution* by Eugen Rosenstock-Huussy (Morrow, \$6) is a review of the revolutionary movements which have brought so-called liberties to Western Man. The work is distinguished by originality of thought and expression, some facts, but also a deal of wishful thinking.

A pleasant and appealing travel book is Mary Cable Dennis' *Mostly Byways* (Dutton, \$2), which takes the stay-at-home traveler through Normandy, of which the writer has delightfully caught the spirit. *Pilgrim Places*



in North America by Ralph and Henry Woods (Longmans, \$1.50) is a pilgrimage guide to the 135 chief shrines of North America. Welcome and needed!

*Seele und Geist* by Alexander Willwoll, S.J., (Herder, \$2.25) is an eminently practical reconstruction of psychology by one of the most distinguished German Jesuit psychologists. As the title indicates, it is a scientific and religious appraisal of the body-soul relation of man. Paul Brunton's *Discover Yourself* (Dutton, \$2.50) belongs to the yogi and swami sort of introspection.

Frank E. Gannett and B. F. Catherwood are the editors of *Industrial and Labour Relations in Great Britain* (America's Future, \$2.50), which is a symposium by English trades unionists and others, sponsored by the Gannett newspapers. Do not, however, confuse English Socialism with the Red brand of the Continent. A good deal of satire and shrewd observation is to be found in *Benjamin Franklin Calls on the President* by John De Meyer (Washburn, \$1.25). The gist of the book is that Franklin, B. calls on Franklin D. at the White House. Jack Preston's *Heil! Hollywood* (Reilly and Lee, \$2.50) is a letting-down of the Hollywood hair, and Hollywood does not come out of the treatment beautified.

Americanism is the theme of Annie E. S. Beard's *Our Foreign Born Citizens* (Crowell, \$2.50). The life stories of many well known naturalized American citizens are used to illustrate what is Americanism. Almost all the exhibits are apt, but others . . . well! *Men Must Act* by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace, \$1.50) is a book to be taken seriously, whether you agree with Mr. Mumford or not. He is opposed to all dictators and authoritarians, and that is his privilege; but slanging the Catholic Church is not of necessity an unquestioning mark of political perspicacity.

Students of French Catholic literature are going to get a deal of pleasure from *Catholic Literary France* by Sister Jerome Keeler, O.S.B. (Bruce, \$2.75). Neither profound nor exactly original, the handling of the chief figures of Catholic literature in France is clear; and clarity is an excellent thing for students. If your interest is in the Church's liturgy, then *An Introduction to Liturgical Latin* by A. M. Scarre (Benziger, \$1.75) is the book to get. No need to get fussed over the accents, which are all clearly indicated; nor is a teacher necessary. And speaking about accent, there is *A Pronouncing Dictionary of the Roman Martyrology* by the Rev. Anthony I. Russo-Alesi, S.J., (O'Toole, \$1.50). Religious houses, rush in your orders to get this fascinating book, which will prevent many a misaccentuation.

And just a word about *Quo Vadimus?* or *The Case for the Bicycle* by E. B. White (Harper, \$2). On the surface this is a piece of satirical and humorous writing about where we are going and why.

And some fiction with which to wind-up. Kathleen Norris in *The Runaway* (Doubleday, \$2) achieves her sixty-second book. No great shakes to the plot. But Mrs. Norris is never dull, and here she tells a decent tale about looking before you leap, particularly if you are a young woman. Raymonde Vincent in *Born of Woman* (Morrow, \$2.50) has a tale to tell about rural France. And it is a fine tale, well told, and not the less effective for the inclusion of the Christian virtues in its action. C. S. Forester in *Captain Horatio Hornblower* (Little, Brown, \$2.75) has a hero of the virile type, hot and horrid, and a proper seadog. There are a couple of sea fights very well done, and a dramatic moment with a firing squad. But Horatio himself needs a spring cleaning. *The Devil We Know* by Pamela Frankau (Dutton, \$2.50) is a novel of modern England; the story of a young English Jew. Afflicted with an inferiority complex, he ends up by hating the racial stock from which he was sprung. Very fine writing, with the subject skillfully handled. Then there is Louise Redfield Peattie's *Star at Noon* (Doubleday, \$2) a clean and a well written tale, that concerns itself with matrimonial geometry. In other words a triangular solution is the chief thing that figures in the story, if one cares for triangles. There is some good descriptive writing and, at times, well sustained characterization.

THE GLANCER

## THEATRE

THE BROWN DANUBE. *The Brown Danube*, written by Burnet Hershey, and produced by Bonfils and Somnes at the Lyceum Theatre, was unquestionably the best of the various Nazi plays offered to New Yorkers this season. That, after all, is not saying much for it. For one thing it had an unusually good cast, including such headliners as Jessie Royce Landis, Alice John, Gladys Hanson, Ernest Lawford, John McKee and Dean Jagger. All these players united in giving an excellent performance.

Mr. Jagger's two names have never seemed to me to go together, and I wish he would change one of them. But he was a fine Jesse James in the highwayman play which left us all too soon last autumn, and he was an upstanding and handsome Nazi villain in the production at the Lyceum. It looked from the first as if even its excellent company might not be able to carry *The Brown Danube* over the footlights; for the plot was a slender one and the author handled it with a painful uncertainty as to whether he meant to give us drama, melodrama or merely a modern love story told against Austria's present bleak background. He ended with a compromise which gave us a bit of all three and produced an atmosphere that was confusing even to the players. Ernest Lawford evidently regarded the situation as one full of pleasant comedy, for he played his rôle of Prince Otto along that line, with much charm and humor. This was refreshing as contrasted with the background of torture and murder which occasionally obtruded its ugly self; but when the wise and gentle old Cardinal, beautifully played by John McKee, was struck in the face by the chief Nazi villain, the audience lost interest in the love story and showed a marked tendency to forget all comedy.

It is not surprising that some of this confusion about the play was shared by its audiences. Its fate is still as hazy as its atmosphere. After a gallant struggle, and a reduction of prices by its producers, it settled down for a little run. Now there is talk of a road tour.

*The Brown Danube* began with a scene that held a real thrill. It was a night scene on an express from Vienna to Paris, on which some Austrian aristocrats were trying to escape during the first days of the Nazi invasion. They were taken off the train just as safety and the border lay before them, and were returned to Vienna and Nazi persecution. The chief persecutor, Ernest Hammaka (Dean Jagger), was the chief of the local Nazis, and the unfortunate family of refugees was at his mercy. He sought a bargain familiar in plays and stories. He would save them all for a price. The price was the Countess Erika (Miss Royce Landis), young and lovely, and whom he had always admired. He was prepared to divorce his present wife and marry Erika. I need hardly add that she loved another—but he could not help her, nor could her uncle, the Cardinal, formerly so powerful, now helpless in the Nazi net.

The brains of the family were provided by old Prince Otto, its head. He outwitted Hammaka by a trick which it would be unfair to reveal, and Hammaka was forced to give safe-conduct out of the country to the lovers and to Erika's young brother. The Cardinal (a superb type) and the Prince elected to remain behind with their suffering countrymen.

The train scene was repeated in the last act and it, too, had its thrills. In the end the refugees were safely across the border, and the suspense, which had always been endurable, was over. Incidentally, there had been killings off-stage, many suggestions of cruelty and even torture, and a number of lurid side-lights on Nazism. None was very new. Indeed, it was all too familiar; but thanks to its excellent acting, *The Brown Danube* held its audiences.

ELIZABETH JORDAN